

G8: A NEW DEAL FOR AFRICA | JOE CLARK: DEPARTURE TIME?

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This Week

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MORDECAI REMEMBERED

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SUBARU
The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive

'Victorious story'

After reading "Wendy's story" (Cover, June 10) and seeing how her injury has challenged her and tested her, I had to write and confess her. I was living a fantastic life. 23, getting ready for graduate school, lovely girlfriend, great family and friends. On Oct. 1, 1995 I came to a sudden halt in a car accident. I was in a drug-induced coma for three weeks, and in a light coma the next two months. I had a shattered pelvis and a traumatic brain injury the likes of which usually require temporary or permanent institutionalization. But as your story pointed out, a successful recovery depends on many things, internal as well as external. Had I not had the external support I had I would not be able to write this letter and be proud to announce I am about to receive my master's degree from Case Western University. I want to thank Wendy Mathewson and writer Katherine Mackinnon for being brave enough to tell this story and showing that not all brain-injured people fit the stigma society has created for them.

Andrew Kenneth Molineux, Ottawa

Writer Katherine Macklem made the observation that "medical science has leapt-frozzed far ahead of society's ability to cope

How to Reach Us

■ **For letters to the editor, press releases, story proposals, letters/discussions on tech items:** Please supply name, address and daytime telephone number. We welcome readers' views, but letters may be edited for space and clarity. Selected letters may appear in Mexican Spanish only.

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for people with disabilities." As a person living with cerebral palsy I would say that the issue is not society's ability to care for us, but an lack of willingness to accept us. Support programs for people with disabilities are still woefully inadequate, and widespread homelessness, incarcination, housing, and still more. I am on social because something as simple as a coin can keep me out of a job. I get cut out, the support programs use the first to be turned down. I am overwhelmed families to use unfortunate enough to fall in cracks.

Michelle Lemitt, Ottawa

Thank you for this victorious story that depicts the ability of the human spirit to conquer all odds. I am amazed with myself when I read about this woman and know there are days when I have trouble accomplishing simple tasks because of my attitude. She is an inspiration to me. She does her community a great service.

Markus Dierkenstein, Fort McMurray, Alta.

In October, 2000, I was hit by a car while riding my bicycle and suffered a moderately severe brain injury and numerous injuries to various parts of my body. My recovery has been incredible and almost every day I thank how lucky I truly am to walk away from something that should have killed me. Wendy's story solidified my feelings of thankfulness, luck and determination to live. It's wonderful to see a cover story on a subject that most people don't understand and don't want to discuss.

Steve Anderson, Editor

City planning

While none of the "progress" in Canadian cities is grasping, your June 3 cover story "Serving our cities" highlighted some trends that have worried me. Although we have been lectured for many years on the evils of "sprawl" and low-density develop-

Duty calls

I was dismayed to read that "most churches are still importing sermons from the United States" for donor presentation programs ("Which way birth father?" *Canoe*, May 20). A "severe shortage" of sermons in Canada? Come on, men of Canada. I say Canadian sermons for Canadian worship! The insidious imperialism of our southern neighbours has really gone too far. I'm doing my part trying to spread some Canadian goodness in the United States.

Einhorn, Barbara, Thomas, Arlo

car, no one else if going to the opposite extreme—drawing people back into the city cores and increasing the population density over higher-density urban problems of its own. New York City's experience hints at these problems. Yet, as in all other people dense, opportunities of using as well as problems with extremely high densities. In solving one set of problems, we should not create another. I am concerned that all our policies, proposals and debates are ignoring what the city really is. The City of the Automobile planners and politicians have. We want that a century thought of the urban world in terms of the city core and suburbs, in its own suburban, and the opposite concern about "edge cities" and how to stop their spreading are falling into the same trap. Policy for the coming decades cannot rest on the premise of honoring a reversal of the desire to "disperse." We that means to be what many activists, politicians and planners seem to be after regardless of what the negative consequences may be.

Michael L. Gallagher, Corfu, NY

In your otherwise excellent article on the renouance of Canada's cities, you missed one of the essential elements that determines the fate of local economies: a strong, adequately funded public school system. Without that, businesses are hard pressed to recruit bright, young professionals who base their relocation decisions, in part, on the education their children would receive.

Mitchell Sweet, Ottawa

In 2006, I moved from Toronto to New York for a job opportunity. An unexpected

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In 2006, I moved from Toronto to New York for a job opportunity. An unexpected

The Mail

benefit was escaping the painful experience of living through my beloved hometown's urban downward spiral. For the past two years I have witnessed the resurgence of many American cities and wanted for many Canadians to take note. Hopefully your recent issue is a sign that they finally have.

David Thew, New York City

As a retired retiree from Alberta, I read Gordon Leard's essay "Search for balance," about leaving Toronto for Calgary, prepared for the traditional dumping on "Toronto and all things 'Toronto,'" as they say out there. We lived in Alberta for seven years and can assure your readers that both places are wonderful and both places have major problems that must be addressed. But the entire article could have been written in the one sentence that explains why in some circumstances we'd all rather be somewhere else—to be "close to our extended families."

Melanie Skory, Wilson, Ont.

Anonymous fathers

How can Dr. Arthur Leader ("Assured conception," The Mail, June 16) dare sit on his perch and proclaim that legislation forcing parents to tell the truth about their children's donor insemination (DI) origins would be wrong? Every morning I look in the mirror and know that 50 per cent of my genetic heritage is lost to me forever. My parents chose not to tell me the truth about my conception and parentage until I was 20, and by then it was too late—the dodgy doctor who performed the DI using anonymous sperm had no clue about the identity of the donor. I ask you, how can a family build trust when parents are allowed to blatantly lie and the DI child's birth certificate is allowed to echo due lie?

Any legislation that does not protect the rights of DI children by forcing parents to tell the truth and face their infidelity is an outrage.

Betty Binn, Sydney, Australia

I find it absolutely appalling that Dr. Leader can suggest that the solution to infertility is to create anonymous human beings who will even be granted the right to know their biological and medical heredity. Their babies conceived in such a way will someday want to know the truth



Israeli, Palestinians can work together

and answer the fundamental question of every human being, "Who am I?" The doctor is focusing on the infertile man and of who really matters, the person being created.

Leslie Higgins, Toronto

Co-operating for peace

It is with great interest that we, the members of the Toronto Coalition for a Just Peace in Israel and Palestine, and your cover story "The new schism" (May 27) nowhere was there coverage of one of the most important developments in the Jewish and Palestinian communities in Canada, the emergence of a community of Jews and Palestinians working together toward ending the occupation of the West Bank and Gaza as a warning point for justice and peace in Israel and Palestine. Having Palestinians and Jews come together as a community with common goals and aspirations presents a great emotional challenge. It also represents a whole new way of seeing things, and demonstrates that the Arab-versus-Jew dichotomy is neither absolute nor factual.

Debra Anand, Women Against the Occupation, York Area, New Eastern Cultural and Educational Roundtable of Canada; Esther Wink, Jewish Women's Committee to End the Occupation; Susan Reinhardt, Jewish Youth Against the Occupation, Toronto

On the subject of the Canadian perspective on Middle East turmoil, a parallel from the Canadian paradigm of displacement crisis that of Canadian Aboriginal people. The Palestinians could take a cue from them (as well as indigenous people around the world). Their diplomacy and non-violent tactics are not a sign of weakness or giving in, but a sign of strength and conviction of values that reign supreme over death, destruction and the devastation of human life.

Jessie Lowman, Whitehorse, Yukon

As a Jewish-Canadian who has lived and worked in both Palestine and Israel, I am feeling now, more than ever, a sense of hope. For the first time in recent history, Jewish and Palestinian people are discussing issues that have always been completely taboo. In the region, the Israeli Knesset and organizations like Rabbi for Human Rights are making incredible headway in educating the public. In Canada, groups like Jews for a Just Peace and Tikkon are speaking out and, more importantly, getting people to listen to each other.

Charlotte Z. Laskin, Kennesaw, Ga.

Back to the farm

Thank you, Eugene Witaruk, ("How we kept the farm," Over to You, June 3) for reminding us that it takes hope and sacrifice to grow a farm—or a nation.

George Brown, Ottawa

Miles to go

It is good to read in Sally Armstrong's first-good story "Lives of girls and women" (The Montreal Express, June 3) how much better life is for women in Afghanistan now that the Taliban have been ousted. However, the reality in Afghanistan is still exceedingly harsh. According to the Canadian International Development Agency, approximately nine million people will face severe hunger this summer. A significant portion of the money earmarked for the reconstruction of Afghanistan should be used to establish micro-credit programs, where very small loans of less than \$200 are offered to very poor people, especially women, to grow a small business.

Dick Ireland, Chesham, B.C.

Education saw-off

Ann Donnan Johnston's essay on the problems facing universities is a good one ("The crisis in quality," June 16). Unfortunately it avoids discussion of the cause and the potential solutions. She blames it with "Queens asking the province for permission to raise tuition." The province said no! Like Canada's health care system, Canadian post-secondary education is but another failure at central planning. Have Canadians learned nothing from the failure of the Soviet model?

David L. King, Kyoto, Va.



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*Online investing expert and Globe and Mail columnist Rob Carmack gave the distinction of "Canada's best all-around personal finance Web site" to Quebec's which is now under the MoneySense.ca banner. The Online Investor's Handbook is published by John Wiley & Sons.

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tribute to
Canadians

Maclean's

HONOUR ROLL

The Honour Roll: Maclean's annual tribute to Canadians who've made a difference. It's a 17-year tradition. And this year, the Honour Roll will move to the July 3rd, Canada Day issue, an appropriate time to celebrate Canadians.

"It's so exciting!" says Executive Editor Michael Benedet, who has led the selection committee since 1993.

The Honour Roll consciously seeks out Canadians for their achievements in a variety of arenas. "We need focusing on one particular aspect," says Benedet. "For example, in one Olympic year we don't want 50 athletes, but might have one or two outstanding ones with incredible, extraordinary, and extraordinary."

Some honorees are household names, others are known only to colleagues, friends and family. They often appear periodically, but get to know them through the Honour Roll profiles and portraits, and you'll soon learn they're something extraordinary whether they're doing life-saving research, staffing a soup kitchen or performing in thousands.

The Honour Roll is about Canadians who've changed Canadians. Maclean's readers learn their stuff, skill and advice all have their say. "We make recommendations year-round," says Benedet. "We're open to all of them, provided they are Canadian citizens and they're all really moved in politics."

"The really is one of our most exciting Honour Roll ever and yes, I do say that every year — and always mean it," adds Benedet. "It's like saying to you — this will be the best Christmas ever, because you're all really looking forward to what's ahead."

The Honour Roll issue on newsstands starting June 24th

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Overture

Edited by Shanda Denzin with Michael Snyder

Over and Under Achievers

► **Jane Clinche**: Patsy Mink in tough spot with leadership fundraising decisions rules. The Teflon Don may be gone, but Teflon Jane is banging in there.

► **Paul Moritz**: Her appearance in rockers' photo op looks more *Black Day* than *Bill Clinton*. When you're finished goofing around, Paul, how about that campaign donors list?



► **Jesse Ramsey**: FBI's notorious Chairman of Missing PM's official summer home for Liberal film—only paid \$20,000 for the backdrop. Great work that the leaves formerly behind Stock.

► **John McCullum**: New defense minister delays release of anti-terrorism report. Not alone. *Art Eggleston* here we seen each media savvy if this parole.

► **Leon Radek**: Author was W.D. Miller's reward for mentoring his young writers. Don't forget, Radek's own books are classics.

► **Steve Yzerman**: While he comes underfire at his upcoming job, Detroit's Devils it shows again why it's a sports capitalist's captain.

A beauty queen, and then some

At first glance, **Veronica** looks like the consummate beauty queen—warm, dark hair cascading down her shoulders, striking brown eyes disarming smile. She even says the things one expects to hear from a gaudy pin: "Follow your intuition. We live passionately... never give up on your dreams." But the 26-year-old Toronto miss is not your typical contestant. In fact, last month's *Miss Universe* (page 18) in which nearly 800 million people watched *Veronica* place in the top 10—was only her third competition.

In 2003, this graduate of York University's Schulich School of Business quit her marketing job, took an eight-month trip through Egypt, India and Laos and returned home, open to new adventures. Her sister suggested she enter the Miss India-Canada pageant. On a whim, Veronica did and she won it. Month later, she took the Miss Canada's Universe title. "All of a sudden I became a professional pageant woman," she says. "I never planned it that way. It was never a goal. I had just hoped to achieve it just happened."

She spent the next few months drumming up money and sponsors to help take her to the Miss Universe competition in Puerto Rico. While Miss Canada's Universe organizers paid some of her expenses, *Veronica*



Veronica wasn't born and bred for pageants—it just happened

admits she needed new help. "Other women are born and bred for this competition," she says, adding that she had to pull together an extensive wardrobe, get a fitness trainer and hire consultants in public speaking, modeling and etiquette.

All things considered, making the

top 10 was an accomplishment. "It makes me wonder," says *Veronica*. "If I took someone's spot? Now that her pageant days are over, the reigning Canadian queen can focus on her new dream job—hosting a multicultural TV show on a Toronto station—and living life passionately."

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top 10 was an accomplishment. "It makes me wonder," says *Veronica*. "If I took someone's spot? Now that her pageant days are over, the reigning Canadian queen can focus on her new dream job—hosting a multicultural TV show on a Toronto station—and living life passionately."

M.S.

Retelling a savage story

In the movie, she's called *Luc*. In real life, her name is **Gabriel Lavielle**. And cult leader **Ruch Brinkman** really did amputate her arm. Without anesthesia. While *Savage Messiah*—a film about Brinkman, airing June 23 on the Movie Network and Movie Central—does reiterate that gruesome act, the film leaves out other important things. What's missing, says Lavielle, is that two of Brinkman's other "wives" helped him do it; and that it took 12 days before she could escape.

In the mid '80s, notorious doomsday prophet Brinkman, fed Quakers and set up a commune in the countryside near Lindsay, Ont. There his followers—some two dozen men, women and children—lived a life of abuse and subterranean madness until, as the charismatic leader with after-school workaholic removed the drill from Brinkman's ring and made her feel safe, only when he was safely behind him did she reveal the facts of the murder. He still holds every oversight of his words, who live outside the penthouse and have continued to bear his children.

Based on the best selling book of the same name—by former Brinkman staffers **Bess Levy** and **Paul Kishin**—*Savage Messiah* takes some editorial license. For instance, the film's on-



Walker (right) plays a fictional heroine who rescues real-life victims of cult leader Ruch Brinkman

ject, the testimony about the amputation resulted in his imprisonment for assault, only when he was safely behind him did she reveal the facts of the murder. He still holds every oversight of his words, who live outside the penthouse and have continued to bear his children.

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Imagine this, but with greed

pelion of a mother and child girl find in a cave painting. It's said about \$10,000 of his own funds to create "a place for renewal and purification." He wants women to reflect on the state of humanity to play music, and to heal. Says Kishin:

"I want people to go as if they were meeting a simple little monk."

The unusual project—which is being documented by the PBS—has the full endorsement of Hudson's Hope, a town built, appropriately, on the River River. Brinkman, now a former Brinkman, exports the sanctuary will be an additional draw for tourists who already travel to the isolated area to see the massive W.C. Bennett Dam. "We've had a lot of rock-pooling around," says Kishin, "but it was to make a date. This is a different way of putting around the rocks." And the project, she adds, is especially apt after the tragic events of Sept. 11. A time to gather closer together.

Har Mar Quan

nothing, especially those of the women. Brinkman's wife, **Polly Walker**, didn't just work as the door guard worker; **Luc Picard** brings the accidental death of might to Brinkman, though the character is reduced to little more than a fall for Walker's heroine. Likewise, **Gabriel Lavielle** is a believable heroine in *Luc*, but this interesting character is reduced to a Pauline tied to the railroad tracks and waiting to be rescued.

In real life, Lavielle saved herself and while recovering, she wrote a book about it, *Caliban* and its brides. (It went through seven reprints in the 1980s.) It includes all the end she witnessed and experienced the soul and abuse by her father at age four, the early death of her mother; her spiritual quest; her 12 years with Brinkman; her own son at age 20; her daughter who was taken away by force and offered up for adoption, the murder, and the loss of her arm. She also details her escape and eight kilometers run to safety. Lavielle recalls that she was not going to let herself get thinking that if she lived, only then would she really let herself go. Today, Lavielle lives in Chatham, Ont., she says, she follows no religion. "I don't live that, now."

Michael McLeod

The Week That Was

regeat. "If such a term had existed at the time, the events amounted to a crime against humanity," said Premier Bernard Labeyrie.

Hydro flip-flop

After years of planning for privatization, Ontario has decided its electricity transmission utility, Hydro One, will remain a public hands. The privatization process was stalled in April when a court agreed with a union challenge to the provincial right to sell Hydro One. Premier Dalton McGuinty, who took over from privatization advocate Mike Harris around the same time, quickly reversed public consent. Last week McGuinty said that "having listened to the people," the government would "never proceed" although up to 49 per cent of the utility might still be sold off.

Crash landing

Thirty years after pulling off the only successful plane hijacking in Canadian history, Patrick O'Brien, 54, was sentenced in Brampton, Ont., to five years in jail for the hijacking of New York City's Kennedy airport to kidnapping and extortion for leaving the crew of an Air Canada flight

from Thunder Bay, Ont., to Toronto on Boeing Day in 1971 to fly to Cuba. O'Brien, who played the passengers of the plane in Toronto, was taken into custody in Cuba but released after a year. He then spent almost two decades in Venezuela before returning to the U.S. He was apprehended last year in New York.

World Cup upsets

French soccer fans reacted with shock and anger as France's national team, the defending World Cup champion, was ousted in the first round of the World Cup. It was the first time a defending champion has been eliminated so early since 1950. Two-time champion Argentina was also embarrassed with its worst result in 38 years and will watch the rest of this year's tournament from the sidelines.

Diabetes and milk

Canadian researchers at the Hebrew Research Institute in London, Ont., announced they will participate in a \$20 million international investigation of juvenile diabetes and its possible link to cows' milk. Scientists want to determine whether cow protein ingestion leads to early-onset juvenile diabetes, the risk of devel-

oping juvenile diabetes in children genetically predisposed to the disease. The clinical test will track children in 6,000 families from 17 countries for their first 10 years.

Volsey's deal

At long last, mining giant Inco Ltd. and the government of Newfoundland and Labrador signed a \$2.8-billion pact to develop the hidden Voisey's Bay mineral deposit. The project, among nickel, copper and cobalt at the northern Labrador site starting in 2006, will create more than 1,200 jobs in the province over two decades. After long negotiating, Inco agreed to build a \$3.8-billion nickel-on-processing plant in Placerville, Minn., by 2011. Until then, it will be allowed to ship nickel concentrate from Voisey's Bay to its plants in Sudbury, Ont., and Thompson, Minn. But it will have to ship an equivalent amount of ore to Placerville from elsewhere, guaranteeing a buyer for the plant, Inco officials believe the mine will last at least 30 years.

Bombing in Karachi

A suicide bomber crashed an explosives-laden vehicle into a packed bus outside the U.S. consulate in Karachi, killing himself and at least 13 others and injuring 45. The blast came on the heels of U.S. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld's visit to the region which had eased tensions between India and Pakistan. Both nuclear powers that had been threatening war began talking a sea-south sea on Pakistanis, even flying over the border and pulled back warships from



protections close to Pakistan waters. Pakistan accused India it would hit the Indian of Islamic militants across the disputed Kashmir border.

It's a bad thing

A New York biotechnology scientist and partying scientist was charged with insider trading in a scandal that has also touched homebrewing guru Michael Stewart. Samuel

Winkler, former CEO of InDyne Systems, was accused of tipping off two family members that the U.S. Food and Drug Administration would not approve his firm's anti-cancer drug. Winkler was alleged to have learned of the decision on Dec. 26, though it was not announced until Dec. 28, when InDyne shares plummeted. His father and a daughter sold more than US\$10 million worth of

Naming a president

Harold Karas, who served as Afghanistan's interim president after the fall of the Taliban, was voted into that office by the 1,620 member national grand council, the Loya Jirga. Karas, who pledged to promote ethnic healing and national reconstruction, has one immediate challenge: to assemble a cabinet acceptable to the various leaders.

Troubled waters

"I don't want to scare the hell out of people," said Ontario Environment Minister Chris Stockwell. But he did just that when he cautioned thousands of motorists in 47 communities to stop drinking water that has been improperly treated. The warning ended the May 2005, 2,000 in Valhalla, where seven people died and more than 2,000 became ill after drinking contaminated water. Last week, there were no reports of illnesses, but Stockwell had been too slow to heed his warning. The minister is now facing a lawsuit filed by a woman who said she had been drinking the water.

Looking for Elizabeth

The ongoing search for Elizabeth Smart—the Utah teen apparently kidnapped from her bedroom at age 14 on June 5—is back on a national scale. Investigators reportedly established that the suspected point of entry—a window—was too small for a person to have climbed through, and that the screen appeared to have been out from the inside. This led to speculation that the 14-year-old may have been taken by an extended family member and the window screen cut to make it appear like a break-in.

Passages

Friend: A U.S. biotech scientist was spotted by "trans-tracker collector" Carl Young, while he was looking for oilwood on his farm of Lake Huron in Scarborough, Ont., where Young Geologies has confirmed the magnetic, valley built about 10 is a new passage from the restored bath pit beyond Miles.

Client: Magic show producer Gary Sussler worked with David Copperfield and Lance Burton. During 57, a Quebec brewer, trophy, composer and writer, died of an apparent heart attack in Portugal.

Married: Paul McCartney, 58, and Heather Mills, 34, wed in Ireland behind 300 guests, including Hugo Boss, Twiggy and McCartney's three children. Paul and McCartney's 30-year marriage to first wife Linda, who died of breast cancer in 1998.

Wife: Michelle Spring was given the Arthur Award for best mystery of the year for her latest, *The Girl on the Train*. She is the author of *The Girl on the Train*, *The Girl on the Train*, and *The Girl on the Train*. She is the author of *The Girl on the Train*, *The Girl on the Train*, and *The Girl on the Train*.

Bought: David Gilmour, Toronto businessman and founder of the prestigious Gilmour Poetry Prize, has purchased House of Anansi Press, which published early works by Margaret Atwood and Michael Ondaatje, from Doubleday Publishing.

Wife: Richard Buse, who runs Toronto's necessary legal theatre, has been named artistic director of the city's Toronto Theatre, which is best known for developing new Canadian plays. Buse, 47, succeeds Lisa Kauder, who died in December.

Show me the money

It was another week of Machiavellian politics in Ottawa—in other words, what you know. Jean Charest took the wraps off a package of ethical guidelines that seemed aimed at embarrassing Paul Martin in his search for a better, the allegations of political corruption still swirling around his government. Included in the changes—which also make it impossible for cabinet ministers to "personally provide" the private interests of constituents with Crown corporations—is a stipulation that cabinet ministers who want to run for the Liberal leadership must wait 30 days the names of individuals and companies contributing to their campaigns. Martin, who was fired from

office on June 2, is technically not subject to the new rules. But Charest challenged him to name down "What has been collected?" said the Prime Minister. "I have to make public the same way as the other ministers make public." Martin said he would comply. "I believe the Canadian people are entitled to full disclosure," he said, "and that is a commitment I will meet." But behind the scenes, strategists said the PM was trying to maneuver Martin into a corner. For one thing, provided means would leave Martin's cabinet subject to Charest's anger. For another, the list of those contributing to the Martin cause could contain the names of prominent people who had an intense interest in declining Martin's move to become minister.



leaving him open to potentially embarrassing conflict of interest allegations.

In cabinet while Martin was still a minister, the 30-day disclosure rule had been introduced after his departure. Previous disclosures had not been disclosed. Under the new rule, cabinet ministers must disclose any financial interest, including any other financial interest, including any other financial interest, including any other financial interest.

Officials say the law did not report adverse results quickly enough, and used only a narrow definition of the law. Last week, there were no reports of illnesses, but Stockwell had been too slow to heed his warning. The minister is now facing a lawsuit filed by a woman who said she had been drinking the water.



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The Red Wings celebrating, but lose the Cup

After Cup No. 9, Bowman calls it quits

It's fitting that Detroit Red Wings coach Scotty Bowman would win another Stanley Cup during the week of the U.S. Open golf championship. Bowman, whose parents moved to Montreal from Scotland before he was born, loves golf and greatly admires players who can maintain their focus through four exhausting days of competition. One of his favorite stories has to do with the time he worked as official scorer for Tiger Woods' prize during the final round of the 2000 Open at Pebble Beach. The coach and the golf phenom had previously gotten to know one another at a awards ceremony, but it was while watching Woods' dominating victory that Bowman fully appreciated the player's

extraordinary ability to concentrate. Bowman was inside the ropes for all 18 holes, still at a dinner table, just afterwards. In the official scorer's tent Woods looked shocked. "Scotty" Woods asked, "what are you doing here?"

Now that's Bowman's kind of player—never taking his foot off the gas even long enough to notice the people around him. Over the years, Bowman won so many Cups because he demanded more than mere focus. He wanted tough-minded guys who made smart plays under pressure and played hard even with a big lead. His methods were not always popular, but they were effective. "I've heard him for 304 days a year," Montreal winger Steve Shutt once said, "and on the 305th day, you submitted

your Stanley Cup rings."

That was the 1970s era Scotty. He softened a little with age although he caridly insisted with some Red Wings legends in the last few seasons. His most remarkable achievement is that he successfully coached several generations of players during a period of profound change in the game. The Wings did the Tiger thing: they were all business, and since they had the Hurricanes close, they wouldn't let them up. "We turned our organization around," captain Steve Yzerman said of his coach, "and his insight everyday into you have to do to win. We wouldn't have these Cups without him."

To be worthy, they'll have to try. In the joyful miles on the ice, Bowman told the players that he was retiring. "I've had a bag with Brendan Shanahan, with whom he has busted heads over the years. "It's just time to enjoy what the other people enjoy quite a bit," Bowman said. The one firm commandment in his notebook is a trip to the British Open every Edinburgh next month. His parents would be proud.

James Deacon

After the Carolina Hurricanes gave Bowman his ninth Cup title in 36 seasons, allowing him to surpass Montreal legend Joe Blatter as the winningest NHL coach ever. Impressively, Bowman's victories came with three different teams—Montreal (five), Pittsburgh (once) and Detroit (three).

Barbara Amiel



Zero tolerance is silly

On the day that President Bush announced he wanted a new US\$35 billion Department of Homeland Security, I was on a British Airways Concorde, lying on the floor, still strapped in, my carry bag upended and, legs in the air. During the next hour or so, my row of seats had detached and flipped over backwards.

Later, the flight engineer explained that in the past he could repair the problem, but these days he wasn't allowed to carry tools. That attack was so old since engines are absurd to "fix" things if something goes awry. "We're trying to negotiate a basic tool box somewhere on the flight deck," he said, apologetically. I would have offered him my candlestick as a standby screwdriver, but unfortunately they had been seized by night-line security when I was boarding. One could imagine a hijacker rushing to the front of the plane only to discover he needed my musician set to complete his mission.

Learning to Bush didn't assume an agency that will analyze all the information collected about threats to America. His new department may be the women, and I pray it will be, but I feel like Charlie Brown with a black cloud over my head.

The expression *do your own research* is a good one. The expression *do your own research* is a good one. The expression *do your own research* is a good one.

Faced with terrorist threats, Western security services are hampered by the absurd notions with which we burden them

buildings to doddlers. The most likely terrorist suspects can be screened on the basis of age, gender, ethnicity and religion. It is no more to pay attention (and cost) to, in Mark Steyn's euphemistic parlance, the "67-year-old ethnic man." Our political correctness also demands equality in a functional sense: plane crews are treated the same as passengers. Recently, a 19-year-old commercial pilot was asked to remove his cap for a search. He pointed to the man that had passed him who was wearing a turban. "I'll remove my cap," he said, "if he removes his turban." The pilot passed through without doffing his headgear, but he still had to donate himself of a nail file for his talismans bag and a paper knife to use his director. Once security has broken down to the point where the hijacker has penetrated the cockpit, the terrorist would hardly be relying on a pilot's strong refusal to finish the job.

Meanwhile, we lack explosion detectors to screen luggage. We don't have substance-sniffing dogs at most airports. We don't, unlike Eilat, place cops in disreputable corners so that barman's hands can't be used. We haven't got armor-plated baggage containers. Recently, in a Manhattan office complex, I watched a security guard question me to see if they had an appointment in the interviewing room on the second floor. Any one could make an appointment in any room, and be asked into the elevator. And the bricks-and-mortar clearing brigade come and go unopposed.

If his new agency is to work, Bush will have to overcome the natural "anti-specific aggression" (to use Kenneth Lorenz's phrase) that bureaucrats have for each other. That's the impulse you see when dogs lay people with, but beside on using another dog. Unless you camp right down on a bureaucratic culture, it will spend more time watching over its turf rather than the enemy. Bush should probably replace all the top people in the agencies he is bringing together with those who understand how to manage operational cultures.

It's possible the President does understand this, but it's equally possible that someone like John O'Sullivan's meander from his days as policy adviser to Margaret Thatcher is no the point. "What do you mean you're establishing a special department for it," Mrs. Thatcher is supposed to have observed in some hapless cabinet minister. "I told you to do with the problem, not make it worse. Once we have an effective government department whose aim, pay and priorities depend upon the existence of the problem, we'll never get rid of it." The newest super agency will need to manage bureaucratic decadence—not throw on it.



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BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

In the interest of accuracy, finger the oft-repeated rumour that there exists an Italian slang term *mordecai*, with its origins in Mordecai Richler's name. There isn't. But there is a slang term *ber anyone*, drawn from Richler's final novel, *Berany's Venice*. *Berany's*, says Christian Rocca, a journalist with the Italian daily newspaper *Il Foglio*, means "someone in something that is politically incorrect, perhaps a little bit off-colour." The expression has been in vogue in Italy since 2000, when the translation of *Berany* became, with a strong push from *Il Foglio*, a publishing sensation that has so far sold close to 200,000 copies in that country.

What could be more appropriate recognition for Canada's best-known equal-opportunity offender, after all these years of deliberately trampling on sensibilities? And so we approach the first anniversary, on July 3, of the death of a national literary icon, the popularity of Richler's writing is, if anything, increasing. On Thursday, June 20, a gala celebration of Richler's life and work in Montreal will include tributes from luminaries such as author and broadcaster Robert MacNeil, Hollywood film director Ted Kotcheff, actor Richard Dreyfuss, and Conrad Black. CBC will broadcast the taped event the following Thursday. This month, a collection of assorted essays by Richler, *Dispatches from the Sparring Life*, is being released, along with his 1974 novel *The Assholes*, only 400 copies of which were ever made available in Canada (see page 20).

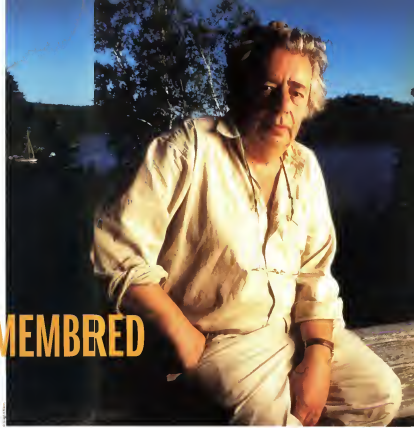
That's only the beginning. Other upcoming Richler projects include a CBC

drama musical based on *The Apprenticeship of Dudley Fenner*—made into a hit 1974 movie starring Dreyfuss and directed by Kotcheff—with the involvement of Oscar-winning composer Alan Menken.

And so on. Add to that the fact that translations of other Richlers would be underway in Italy, and that his books have been translated into other languages ranging from French to German to Greek to Norwegian and Richler has transcended his own mocking descriptions, in *The Inexplicable Art of someone who is "world-famous—all over Canada."* In fact, Richler owes his success to the fact that while his characters and many of his settings remained Canadian to the end of his life, his themes—ambition, confusion, pattern and puns within the context of everyday life, mixed in with his inimitable mordant humour—resonate everywhere. "To some he was a Canadian novelist, to some a Jewish novelist, to some a comic writer," says Robert Gottlieb, a legendary New York-based book editor and long-time Richler friend. "You could not pigeonhole him easily." And, says Graham Ferris, editor-in-chief of *Il Foglio* (which now also publishes an acronym-for-a-guy column with an English title, "André's Version"), the attraction of *Berany* is universal: it is "a great classical story told in modern language but with eternal values. I find it really great—a great love story, a great political story."

In many ways, that description also fits the life of Richler, who was no stranger to controversy, political scrapes, a large-daub occasion—and who, on the personal front, remained grounded in a devoted husband and father. In the pages that follow, some of Richler's closest friends and associ-

ates, along with family members—including his wife of four decades, Florence—share reflections on someone who, even as he passionately skewered many Canadian institutions, has now become one himself—Scottish, capricious, rhapsodic, acerbic, masterful and all. How can Canada of him—and to how *Berany's*?



MORDECAI REMEMBERED

Richler's work, and feisty spirit, are still with us

mentary based on St. Urbain Harem (Simon began her career) Entertainment lawyer Michael A. Lessor, Richler's longtime friend and representative, says negotiations are ongoing with European producers to film *A Choice of Eternity*, and an offer is pending for the rights to *Sea of a Swallow's Nest*. Lessor is in talks to pro-

HE GOT 'BETTER AND BETTER'

Editor Robert Gottlieb recalls a close friend who 'improved on a large talent'

Many people consider New York-based Robert Gottlieb the most influential literary editor in the English-speaking world. Over a career of almost half a century, he has edited the magazine *The New Yorker* and books by authors ranging from Joseph Heller to John le Carré to Chinua Achebe to Katherine Tegen. In it, he presents, Bill Clinton and his memoirs *He was*. More recently, he's been editor-in-chief of *Rolling Stone*. Gottlieb's guide to *Madness's* Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith recently about Robert Gottlieb:

There never was a lot of editing on Montecito week. His first editor was always Florence, a brilliant reader with a very perceptive editorial mind. She was the reader he most counted on. By the time a book of his had got past Florence, it was in good shape. There was always a certain amount of cosmetic work to do, as there is for almost any book—word repetitions, sentences that don't quite work, locations that need improving, punctuation. Standard editorial matters. Montecito seemed solemnly and did whatever he wanted to do.

There are different kinds of writers. Some writers are essentially rewriters—there's nothing they love more than sitting down and not just doing but reworking. Montecito was not like that. He was perfectly willing and happy to make adjustments, but he didn't ever himself in re-claiming a book; nor was it necessary for him, once it was on the page, it was real, and to make it into something else would have been hard.

Our relationship was very much based on mutual teasing and mutual jokes. I can remember our having an editorial disagreement. And actually, it was a writer and an editor on the same words, there are very few serious struggles.

Montecito was not the kind of writer who was on the phone saying, "How many did we sell last week?" and "My article was in the bookazine in the *Kansas City* airport, and there wasn't any copies." Basically he



wrote it, we published it. He was interested in the last jokes, we tried to write good copy, and then we got on with it. He was a writer or a demander.

The fact that his books were often about Canada didn't matter much here. Why would it? We publish English writers, French writers, Italian writers, German writers. This is not a parochial society. Fifty years ago, when Montecito was getting going, it was more of an issue. At that time, *The New York Times Book Review* would assign a novel about Indians to someone who was an Indian expert, as if that were the point. So to that extent, Montecito was a more of Canada here, particularly in his non-fiction, and in his journalism. When I was editing *The New Yorker*, and Montecito wrote that piece in 1991 reflecting Quebec language love, we both knew it would cause an explosion for him at

home. He didn't need anyone to tell him that. I think that was part of the joke, and the point. I mean, if there ever was a string target for anger, it was that frame of mind in Quebec. But in America, it wasn't explosive, it was just funny. Overall, he was seen here more as a comic novelist than a Canadian novelist, or perhaps more as a Jewish novelist, because of *Daddy Kovic*, which came out in the heyday of Jewish humorism.

His books clearly reflect his humor, his energy, and as we see in the later books, a growing compassion. The early books are much more provocative. Some of them are very specifically satirical. I think there was a progression. The very earliest books were young-man autobiographical. *Daddy Kovic*, cranked with characters and observations, is what you might call a "real novel" as opposed to *The Incomparable* *And*, which followed it, and which is

light on character and heavy on satire.

Daddy Kovic was one of those books that revealed a new world to a public that didn't know it. Think of Chaim Potok's *The Chosen*, or Martin Heng Kinsman's *The Windows*, or Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*. Those books have special meaning for readers. Suddenly you say, "Oh my God, there's this world. Who knew?" That is fascinating. People were attracted by *Daddy*, they were repelled—whatever their reaction, it was a discovery.

He shifted. The later books were more constant. He was becoming more of a novelist, and, more important, he was getting better and better. Appropriately, *Rescue* was his greatest work. It's wonderful that this final book is an acclaimed major novel, and one that had so much success, but in very quality reminds us today of what he might have gone on to do had he not died.

We first met in 1963 or '64. It was never just a writer and his editor; the Richmans and the Gottliebs unceremoniously all know each other, and fell into a very happy and trusting family relationship. We didn't really talk about his books very much. We talked about our lives, and his. He would always send me hilarious clippings, delicious books. I grew very close to Florence, as did my wife, Maria, and eventually to Emma, to joke (our good), to all the kids. Maria and my children thought of the Richmans as extended family. Montecito, of course, worshipped Florence. One of my close friends, Don Leasing, likes to remember Montecito in his early London days as being an anti-Semitic, so-called—until he met Florence and suddenly turned into a dandy, a dandy and a good second marriage after her.

I used to tease him mercilessly. When he would say, "I'm taking Florence out to dinner tonight." I'd say, "You're taking her out to dinner tonight?" You know, most of us would say, "Florence and I are going out to dinner tonight"—which actually a grown-up, the doesn't need to be eaten. But that's the way he felt about it. When you were with Montecito, you noticed that two hours could not go by without his calling her. He had to touch base.

I know some people say he was shy,

but that's the wrong word to describe him. He was wary, probably as the result of his tough childhood. His books don't complain, but they certainly make it clear. His relationship with his family was not exactly easy.

He had such strength and strength. You felt, my God, anyone who can eat, and drink as hard, and smoke as hard with apparently no reaction except some more weight. He seemed indestructible. Florence knew he was not indestructible, but he could only do what she could do. He was not going to change the way he lived.

People who only saw him as a jokester and we didn't understand how full of feeling he was, and how generous. He was ruthless in the face of stupidity and mediocrity, but when it came to those people in whom he believed and to whom he committed himself, he forgave their failings if he had even bothered to register them at all. Loyalty was one of his



The Richmans (shown in late 2000) 'had a great love'

strongest characteristics—you really had to behave pretty badly for him to cross you off his list. He was concerned for others who wouldn't but not hidden because the nature of his relationships was not one of easy intimacy. It was talking about subjects and having shared jokes. He was not someone who opened his heart—but he was ready-made friend.

Montecito was a very lucky man, and I think he knew that. He had a great love. He had remarkable children whom he adored as well as loved. He discovered and improved on a huge talent. He was recognized and rewarded. And, although the signs of his provocative humor might not always have agreed, he was a great guy everyone who knew him personally felt it.

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MORDECAI MY PAL

An intimate since high school remembers his dryly funny friend

Jack Rabinovitch, who turns 73 on June 26, is best known to members of the Canadian literary community as founder and sponsor of the Giller Prize, the gold award dinner and award presentation that has especially become Canada's most prestigious route for authors. But he was also one of Rabinovitch's oldest and closest friends: they were classmates together, separated by a year, at Mount St. Bernard Byng High School in the 1940s. *See Rabinovitch*

The first thing you gotta understand about Mordecai is that he would rather deal with an embarrassing rogue than an honest scholar. You had to earn your keep on his friend; you couldn't be clichéd. Most of the people I knew did not understand him one bit. Some see a particularly easy target. Philip Roth, I think, went through the same thing in the United States. Many people would come to me and say, "How can you be such close friends with Mordecai?" And I would say, "Buddy." I think it took people a while.

When *Daddy Knows* first came out, a lot of Jewish people were offended, but I thought it was hilarious. It's a little embarrassing because he is pointing out the failings of the people he loves, and we all shared some of them. But for him to have the guts to describe them honestly and accurately is wonderful. Sometimes, he was pretty young when he wrote it.

In about '73 or '74, Mordecai called up and said, "There's a reunion at Baron Byng, come with me." At the time, Mordecai was a pariah in the Jewish community because he had exploded and shown all the scars and blemishes of Jewish brotherhood. So Mordecai gets up and speaks, somebody beckons him, he huddles back, and before



"We grew up in a period," says Rabinovitch, "when there was visible anti-Semitism in Montreal, but Mordecai handled it well."

you know it, there's a verbal doomy-broil. Mordecai gets involved, sits at the table with my wife Dora and I and wails in awe. He won't be thrust out of the room by the hostess.

There were two sides to Mordecai. In public, he was very shy. He used to come to me before various events and say, "Jack, I gotta go to this place, come with me. Florence won't touch it and I can't go alone." So I would go with him and act as his protector and keep him away from the ally people.

In private, he was a joy to be with. He had a tremendous sense of humour. I remember once when we were fishing and stayed at a lodge that was, shall we say, far from fancy. And Mordecai and I had to share a room on really small beds. And one night just before we were going to sleep, Mordecai looked at me and said very dryly, "You know, Jack, each one of us has very nice bones."

The interesting part about Mordecai is if you knew him is that all he could speak French and, b) if you were walking down the street with him and you saw a panhandler, he was an easy touch. Once, I rented a place in the south of France and he and Florence came to visit. He handled French very well. He wasn't articulate or eloquent in French and people who are gifted in one language tend to be a little shy about the fact that they are not as fluent in the other, but he could manage.

He loved fishing. It was a way of being reflective, of doing something. He was not a TV watcher. He was a reader. And fishing was a way of just sort of being quiet. I could sit with Mordecai for an hour and not say a word and he wouldn't say a word. He and I would always get irritated in each other because I disliked the way he ate and he disliked the way I ate.

We grew up in a period when there was visible anti-Semitism in Montreal, but Mordecai handled it very well. When he got his honorary doctorate at McGill, he said, "When I was graduating from high school, if you were Jewish, you needed 75 per cent to get into McGill. But if you were Gentile, you only needed 65 per cent." He said, "I want you to realize this,

I would not even have made it as a Gentile." None of us really shared about it. It was something we grew up with, where the tensions were at a different level.

When he did *Barefoot* himself, he sat me the galley, and I could see him waiting to hear what I was gonna say. I read the whole thing in one day and I called him and said, "It is a fantastic book, Mordecai." But he said I knew that there was an undertone there. Because he was the first one to admit, he never worked, he was never on a factory floor, he had no working experience. But he had a vivid imagination, and he was a terrific listener. And he was a terrific worker.

Hard Barefoot always reflects a master in complete touch with his art. You know, it's like maybe, *The Apprenticeship of Daddy Knows* is still an apprenticeship's work, but he found his voice in *Barefoot* himself, everything came together.

When Mordecai called and told me that he was having some health problems last year, he was in England. I was concerned about the problem because my late brother died in similar circumstances. Mordecai came to Toronto to see the family, the kids and everybody about two months before he died. He called to say he was coming to town, and I had planned to be away, but I had a feeling, so I said OK. We went out and he ordered a vodka and grapefruit and he couldn't drink it, he had to have a straw. And he looked at me and said, "Look what I've come to—you know, the same classic view he had of others he reflected on himself. But I knew there were action problems."

If Mordecai was alive today, I think he would be pointing out how indigenous anti-Semitism is in certain countries. At the same time, he would be talking about the fact that there are problems on both sides of the situation. Florence, if I might, she said he acted as a conscience in a lot of situations.

I remember talking to Mavis Gallant once when she said, "You know, what most people don't realize is that he was a closet intellectual. I've had numerous discussions with him about Jewish traditions and Jewish lore, and he was extremely well-read."

And he knew about Israel as well. If he was alive today, he would probably be a voice of reason, not accepted by either side.

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SEX AND CONTEMPT

Richler's first book showed promise—and flashes of sardonic wit



By 26, he had three novels under his belt

In 1951 Mordecai Richler, 19 years old and burning with writerly ambition, left Montreal for a one-year stay in Paris and Spain. There he completed his first novel, *The Arobach*, published in 1954 and long out of print. Now reinstated by McClelland & Stewart, *The Arobach* takes place in Valencia in 1951, during the Spanish civil war's final spring fever. A large cast of character semi-novels pun—and intro—into the story: Jews and gentiles, straight and gay, fascists and communists, impoverished Europeans and rich American tourists. In the end of this madhouse—the Valencians are every bit as incendiary as the foreigners, while some abhor huge effigies stuffed with fireworks—is painter André Beaudet. The son of a wealthy Westerner family, he has fled abroad in search of expansion and something to believe in after the death of his Jewish lover during a botched abortion.

The Arobach is very much a young man's novel, charged with sexuality, deliberately crafted to shock elders and full of winking contempt for their hypocritical world. That's never more clear than when expert boy scout André speaks for Richler, the expert boy novelist, on Canadian culture: "Mediocrity draped in the maple leaf. Senility by the aging virgin guardianship of Tory tradition making the manumens of rather an Pyrrhonian passivity... Kufchie as celebrated by imperial favour annually winning of 50 gold plaques for the basic that wins the King's Peace and an honorary award for other virgin pacifists or pipe-smoking haughty-novels." And then there's the boring presence of Ernest Hemingway, probably invisible for a

novel written during, and set in, the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War [Moon narrating are the not infrequent echoes of Raymond Chandler]

But despite no derivative atmosphere, patches of bad writing and occasional incoherence—including an over-the-top moral condemnation of Paris that could scarcely have been bettered by a virgin poet—*The Arobach* has that pretty good on its own merits and full of promise for

the future. (Richler scholars may be interested in an early use of the word gay for homosexual, and in a character called Barney Richler hints at why he chose that name, once he resurrected in 1997 for the title character of his last—and for many times, last—novel, *Samuel Menick*.) The scene is brisk and the characters—for the most part—sympathetically well-rounded, even the fascists.

And while Hemingway's shadow may have been inescapable, Richler is well aware of it and mocks the American writer's influence, most notably when he has a character clutch his crotch and lament his war wound: "Then, his moving soul unclipped, naked, he collapsed in his chair, whispering, *Justine struggled. I think he is drunk.*" Even the scene André, whose emotional crisis has clearly exasperated Richler by the novel's end, shows flashes of the urbane wit that would dominate the writer's later work.

The New York Times, one of the few North American publications to review *The Arobach*, was a shade sceptical but quite prophetic: "With this novel out of his system," the reviewer concluded, Richler's future books "may be entirely mature and rewarding."

Bruce Bellamy

In the excerpt starting on page 26, André is torn between disgust and attraction when he encounters, for a second time, an appealing trio of American Jews, her husband, Barry, and her gay brother, Derek, a homosexual writer.

A WORDSMITH'S OWN TYPEFACE

The excerpt from *The Arobach* is set in Richler's typeface created last year in memory of Montrealer Richler. The work of Canadian designer Nick Binks, it is the only font ever created as a tribute to a contemporary writer. Binks collaborated with publisher Knopf Canada (Random House) and the Kilar Prize, in consultation with Richler's family, particularly daughter Martha, a cartoonist, the typeface was first used to set his last book, *Dispatches from the Sporting Life*, published earlier this month.

The distinctive "M" and "W" were instantly the best. But Richler also includes 30 playful "dingbats," as they are known in publishing, icons reminiscent of the novelist's personality: reading glasses, a stack of books, a tea pot, a cigar, a glass of Scotch, a nose, a pen, a fishing fly, a tomato and a baseball.

B.B.



With a distinctive 'M' and 'W,' a 'k' said to resemble the author sitting, and 30 'dingbats' evoking Mordecai, the font is the first created in honour of a writer.

mordecai richler

A Celebration



On Thursday, June 20 a special tribute entitled Mordecai Richler: A Celebration will take place at the Monument National in Montreal.

Watch for a broadcast of the event on CBC television at 8 p.m. Thursday, June 27.

No one was ever indifferent to MORDECAI RICHLER. The provocative man of Canadian letters frequently ruffled feathers, made waves and stirred pots - sometimes to the point of overflowing. A passionate man, Richler was never afraid to tackle the big issues—language, politics and human rights—often stepping on sensitive toes in the process.

For his fearless candour, the late CBC broadcaster Peter Gzowski dubbed him "the last honest man".

Richler brought the same qualities to his writing, producing some of the finest Canadian novels ever written, including *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, *Solomon Gursky Was Here* and *Barney's Version*.

In the process, he won every major literary award this country has to offer, crowning them with the Order of Canada just months before his death in July, 2001.

When MORDECAI RICHLER died, the *Montreal Gazette* ran a front-page headline that read, "He gave us our city." In a very real sense all Canadians can claim with pride, "He gave us our country."

special thanks to the sponsors of this tribute.



'WHO AM I AND WHY AM I HERE?'

When had Barney possessed her as a lover? They had made a deal, and that was it. Still, Barney had money, so why force her into a divorce? She gave her last one last delicate pat and gazed at her reflection in the mirror. Yes, at 25 she still had a few years, much more to offer a man than any nasty child of 19. She had been sure to meet an only two children.

Perhaps because she detected the first angling lines of age in her neck she turned sharply away from the mirror.

When she stepped out of the popular room she noticed Andre taking at the bar. He seemed so intent on something. The admonished child—told No by his parents but not Why. A deep tenderness for her swelled within her. Discouraged by this new honesty she walked towards him slowly.

"Why didn't you keep your appointment, Andre?"

"I don't like your brother," he said.

"He's just a spirit child. No good perhaps, but harmless all the same."

She wanted badly to say I want to be kind, I want to be nice—but she didn't know how to express it.

Jessie trudged through life not experiencing things but accumulating memories. One day she would be old and even would find her body ugly. In preparation for this she was collecting episodes, a book of sensations over which she could reminisce when she was no longer a desirable woman. So all happenings were watched at length, double-taken, and not sincerely enjoyed. She did not guess that instead of remembering her "memories" she might only be able to recall the unfilled intervals between, the dials, the useful blanks.

"You don't go along with your family, do you?" she asked.

"No."

"You they really wouldn't?"

"Why?"

"So was my father. He was a very great man. A banker. He was one of these people who was just too good to love. He died quite suddenly in the early days of the New Deal."



We could have faced the bank audience together if not for my mother. She made life unbearable for him. And then she was always so funny about Derek." She smiled kindly. "I was in Canada once."

"Did you see my house?"

The bar stool he sat on was high. She leaned up against his knee.

"Your buttons are undone."

"Button them for me."

He did up the buttons slowly. The feel of her breasts tingled on the back of his fingers.

"Why don't you come to New York? Take Barney's offer of a job."

"For one thing I haven't got enough money for a train ticket to Paris." Guileless is right, he thought. I am without hope or reason or direction.

"If I ask him he'll buy you a four ticket."

Her voice was still soft, but unsmile also. An unpleasant shudder in the shoulders of hotel laundress and doctors with frigid cancer scars.

Suddenly Andre burst out laughing. "Why, you must really sleep up in the U.S., eh?"

She giggled. "Will you come?" she asked. Andre considered her after back to Amer-

ica—the dense version of a busy world already gone bad. Slipping through the table of what, a bedtime Primal and a bedload more. He had the letter from Norman in his pocket. "WHO AM I AND WHY AM I HERE? Ask yourself this daily for you are running away." And of course, this suburban sophistication—Saturday night is beer and ideas, talk, cozy with intellectual commonplace. We are the enlightened! We are SUFFERING for the rotten, the stinkers, the people who lead such boring godawful lives and like us at all! (Weren't, darling, please play those Eliot records again, I'm worried about the message.) O God, O Christ! America is a furnace and the temperature is the F and still going up. Men in revolvers glasses and women in slacks are stinking and stinking and if you don't wear a white Protestant-sounding TV-9-A-Lee-nagget, non-synthetic sweater, then in the few with you Regret!" Another rented room, long walks at night on the cold moon in desert, pretty girls just pretty in their summer print dresses—

"You too, Canada, may turn out to be only intelligent, just bright. Mean-

out across the dance floor but he couldn't see Tara. He wondered if she was watching him.

Barney poured Andre a glass of champagne. "Andre and myself are great friends. We met in Madrid," he said.

Barney repeated Andre's intrusion. He felt that Andre finding him here like this—lying, entertaining guests (vulgarian)—might interpret the intrusion as an attempt to establish his own superiority over Andre.

In his corner Derek snoped with belated deliberation. He had none of the guest lists that imposed a wicked grace on his sister's feet. Only the family and one. He resembled a repugnant caricature of Jessie. "Ah!" he said, smiling broadly, "any fan club has arrived—the man who read The Edge. Tell me, old boy, did you have an unhappy childhood? Do you think I'm a bit of a cliché by now? Well, don't make snap judgments, you know absolutely nothing about it. Heems, it was. You too, Canada, may turn out to be only intelligent, just bright. Mean-

while, I shall be generous, I grant you. I choose to have one. Why not?"

Andre dashed. "I've got an idea, Derek. Why don't you try looking sorry for your self. Drink, go to bed. That's what always happens in the movies."

Derek laughed bitterly. He recalled, dimly at first, the bar of the parties on the terrace of Jimmy's Bar in Mar de Capota. None of the lips had worn dentures under their costumes and Lila had turned up her hands. Jos had daunted him again. Now, it came back to him vividly—the sweet music, contaminated laughter, and adolescent doodling with devotions, night on smoking of summer and sea, the tumblers up from Cannes for looks. He felt dizzy and lonely and disgusted. "Gee, Canada..." I withdrew. At your age everything is still possible." I will write to Joe, he thought, and advise him to jump into the river. He turned to Jessie. "I've had too much to drink. I feel sick."

Jessie leaned on Andre's arm. "We're touched," she said.

"Let's dance, Jessie," Derek said.

"Andre has already asked me for the dance."

"Dance with me! I want to talk to you."

"Dance with him!" Barney said. Chastely Derek directed Jessie out of the booth. Barney brightened up as soon as they were gone.

"Look, kid, this is the score," Barney said hastily, his eyes bulging with conspiracy. "We're going to get Jessie off to the hotel and dump her in bed. Joanne here is going to show us what really goes on in this town. It's going to live up with some broads! You come back to the hotel with us and we'll meet Joanne here as about as hard. Okay?"

"Okay, I guess."

Joanne overrode her eyes.

"I'll pay the bill," Barney said.

Joanne jumped to her feet. "No! No! Allow me to pay!"

Andre laughed nervously.

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—WIKING—
Basil Brainer in 2002

THE VIKING SHIP—A JOURNEY OF DISCOVERY



Mordecai, with Weintraub and wife Megda on their 1957 wedding day, was a maverick

CALLOW, COURAGEOUS

Oh, to be young, fun-loving and foolish on Ibiza

BY WILLIAM WEINTRAUB

My earliest memory of Mordecai dates back 51 years. Our mutual friend Morris Geller had arranged a meeting in a bar in Paris, and she introduced us, two Montrealers who had never known each other on home territory. He was 19, still very much unpublished, and he was going to become a writer, a serious writer. I found him cocky but charming—and hopefully unreliable.

One of the last times I saw Mordecai was in Montreal on a Sunday afternoon last June. He wanted me to drive him up to the Stouffville Dokaumen, where he could buy some real food to take home—blatnik, semolina and the like. On the way he asked me a few questions about computers. There was going to be some stuff about computers in the new novel he was planning, and he knew nothing about them.

Mordecai never abandoned his typewriter, although it was becoming harder and harder to find the right ribbon for his antiquated machine. But he had just found a shop where, in their storerooms, they carried a dozen bins with eight ribbons on—enough to last for a few years. Mordecai took all those ribbons, and he had recently started his *Over-the-hill*—and he was optimistic. But only a few weeks later he was gone.

Optimism—and courage—I witnessed Mordecai's courage soon after I met him in Paris. With very little money in his pocket, he had gone to Spain, to the island of Ibiza, where he could rent a three-bed-

room house near the beach, with lemon trees in the garden, for the equivalent of \$30 a month. He arrived me to join him, and I went down for a few weeks.

In Ibiza there was no milk delivery, but wine was left at our door every morning at 11 cents a liter. With these prices, we could have some pretty good parties. In the most notable of these, we started out from our village of San Antonio Abad, in the company of some locals, and drank our way across the island, visiting over more interesting fishermen's bars. We ended up in Santa Eulalia del Rio, where one of our number, Ricardo, put on a gymnastics display by doing running jumps across the heads of several parked cars. Eventually the police arrived and took Ricardo off to jail.

"We've got to go up to the police station to get him out," Mordecai said after a few more cognacs at 25 cents a shot. "Are you crazy?" I said, pointing out that this was General Franco's fascist Spain. When it came to dealing with youthful rioters, the thugs of the Guardia Civil were not the gentle friendly policemen of Canada.

When we told them what Ricardo's problem was, Mordecai said, "They'll know why he has to be drunk most of the time, and they'll let him go." Impossible reasoning, for Ricardo had a very serious problem. He had been married a few weeks ago, but his vaginal beard, with much screaming and looking of herself into the bathroom, was still refusing to sleep with him.

So Mordecai and I went up to that dingy police station in Santa Eulalia to explain all this to our very inattentive Spanish. Now,

looking back on that night, as we faced two glowering Targemans behind the counters, I realize how lucky we were to have been merely thrown out onto the street, rather than clamped into leg irons.

Mordecai's courage, and my own lack of it, were on display again at one of the last lunches I had with him two years ago. We were in the *Max des Oliviers* on Bishop Street, where Mordecai's business elite consumes very heavy fare. Mordecai's table was always in a corner at the back, where they let him smoke. As we were having coffee I noticed who was sitting at a table near the front—Brian Mulroney.

"Maybe we can sneak out through the back door," I said, nervously. "Ah, don't worry," said Mordecai, who, in a scathing magazine article, had written that the former prime minister, while on office, had "lied regularly, even when it wasn't necessary, just to keep in shape." Mulroney was said to have been fatuous. And here we were, marching past his table. "Why, hi Mordecai Richter!" Mulroney boomed, a warm smile softening his big political face. "Good to see you, Mordecai. How are you?" And, while I covered near the door, Mulroney insisted on introducing Mordecai to the captain of industry at his table.

But the one kind of courage that I most admire in Mordecai is to be found in his writing. In the solemn landscape of Canadian literature, Richter dares to be funny. Think of some of the most renowned CanLit novelists: they write powerfully, beautifully, even poetically—God help us—but they're serious, so serious, so often dreary. Essentially what most of them seem to be saying, "My family is more dysfunctional than your family."

Now you may have detected the odd hint of familial dysfunctionality in Mordecai's novels but, God bless him, he can make as much as he tells us about it. And the truth is he reveals as all the wiser for the comedy he gives us. Woody Allen once observed that in literature's banquet, writers of humor are not allowed to sit at the adult's table. That's true, but Mordecai is an exception. He has earned that right. We can easily imagine him today, sitting in the lobby table, a refreshing maverick among all these solemn folk, as he reaches past the salt and pepper for that bottle of Scotch.

Cover

COMRADES IN SATIRE

Aislin, aka Terry Mosher, reflects on a man he loved to caricature

Over 30-plus years, I must have drawn an equal number of cartoons of the physiognomically endowed Mordecai Richter—an astonishing number of caricatures for a literary figure. I can't recall any career misdeeds that I ever cartooned to that effect. But then, none were as interesting. The Richter moon dealt with things like his long-hair relationship with Mossa's Jewish conspiracy, his gossiping of the Canadian establishment, his reputation as an author showing the world a more jaded Canada, and his cheeky observations on Quebec's language wars. Mostly though, I enjoyed caricaturing Mordecai with his bar-hopping friend, then vice Nick And for Max. When friends pay tribute to him this week in Montreal, thoughts will also turn to Nick, himself a short distance away on Mount Royal.

Mordecai enjoyed being caricatured and had a number of original hangings like trophies in his Eastern Townships country home. Several times, early in my career, Richter asked for certain cartoons for his book covers. The chaquet that resulted were much appreciated by a struggling freelance cartoonist, something implicitly understood by Mordecai—who had been there and done that himself.

There was a side to Mordecai that few people knew: I once witnessed him, shortly after giving a gruff speech, kneeling in St. Eustache's broken hall in the most loving, gentle manner in the matter of Peet Street. Mordecai was at his best when not alone, and I find going to baseball games with him. He always had the best gossip—and good timely advice. "Mosher," he once said, "a writer must have 360-degree vision. Spare no one—not even me."



World War II spy or Resistance fighter or some such thing, and clearly she has done a lot of research and deep thinking, gearing up for her big part. She speaks out in a radio interview about anti-Semitism. Anti-Semitism is a terrible thing, she says, and it is not always directed against Jews. Yikes. There is just no end to anti-Semitism.

Some old news you missed our on. I want you to know the other horror of it, that's all. I know you don't like listening, it won't take long.

Martha spills boiling water on herself and the doctor calls me and she doesn't go to hospital. She just wants to say... YES to mean and some other kind of suffering in a police voice.

In your last week, Noah nags me in London and he is very cruel, he is crying. We are all so pathetic, you are going to live a very long time, why can't we see that? This is the sound of Noah weeping.

In the small hours of July 3rd, my mother enters a room where you are lying so easily in the bed you will lie in, and at a nice time in your life, it is the wrong bed. Florence reaches for you. She says, Moshe, Darling, it's all right, I'm here now. You can't hear her.

On the morning of the funeral, my little brother, a husband and father of two, seeks me out because he cannot do his calculations. We clutch each other tightly. Jacob is still the baby of our family. I do not forget this. He will need help, we could do with your help.

If we still ever up for drinks, I could fill you in on all this news, I could tell you stuff. For the last several years of my father's life, we meet up for drinks and have heart-to-hearts, thinking out our problems with each other.

— Eric: How's it going? You working?
— Ahh... you know, I am and I have and everything in that shop, it's a private moment. I never discuss this with anyone else.
— And you, Dad? How's it going?
— Ahh, he says, with a shrug. You know.
— Ahh...
— What state is the wall for a time?
— What another, Eric?

Sometimes I hear you, when I am out walking.

— Eric? You working?
— Hear you and I never back, but I'm no fussmaker. I'm not sentimental. I'm not wayward.



With 'Barney' at the Quebec cottage, 1966

December 2001

My second Xmas drinks party at our agency. You took me to my first, remember? Because I was shy and did not want to go. This year, Zoe greets me, Deborah greets me and you are not here. I know because I looked for you. Where's Moshe?

20th July 2001

As the grandson, Daniel, who can balance his three-year-old daughter upright in the palm of one hand, stands behind me and holds me in a headlock, a half nelson or whatever. This is no game. My big brother is weeping onto my shoulder. It is OK, I want to tell him. That is not Daddy down there. There has been a terrible mistake.

January 2002

I approach a friend's house in North London and I am early. She can't see me but I see her all right, and she is waiting up the road as her husband is stepping out of their house. He is grayer than my father, though younger, and about the same size, though his walk is different and he has a close beard. He is Jewish and his house is full of books and as he moves towards his wife, I have to turn my eyes, because I want to break it up, this violent scene before me, the deft exchanges of a loving couple that are so much more telling than any wild embrace, small gestures of grace and intimacy. I will not witness again between my father and mother, not from any window or secret corner, not ever again.

Relative strangers shuffle our way and say that sloppy thing about time and healing. Have a cup of tea, a warm bath, a lo-bonanza. In time, they say, etc. In time, I want to reply you will get trapped in an avalanche, no rescue dogs around. Curious. I don't say this though, because it is rude, and a sign of wayward behaviour quite typical. I am mild, of course, but not of me, am I am not wayward.

April 2002

Dear Daddy,
I have something to tell you. An indication.

Moshe is cooking again, it is nothing to do with time and healing, and all to do with my plowing, because her most children are so marvelous, and so we have a few lovely dinners together this winter, and here comes the indication part.

Florence has a place for you. For breakfast the following day, you are always coming for breakfast. She sets out a blue mug and a blue paper napkin and a little plate for toast, and the last time I went by for a chicken dinner, there was a great big Italian tomato on your plate.

— Moshe?
— Yes?
— I see Daddy has a nice tomato. I hope he does not eat it all in one go.

And that's what I want to tell you, so you can feel proud although you cannot see or hear us, that Moshe can laugh, we all can, but largely it's disposed down here among the living, above all for Florence, who is not sentimental, she is no fantasist, all that that wayward. She knows you are not in the birds or trees, or changes in the weather, but everywhere else, in the moss you no longer make in the flowers and difficulties she no longer sends for you, in the clocks you no longer watch for her. Where is Florence? Where is your mother?

I can tell you.

May 2002

Moshe takes me to have Angela Hewitt at her single appearance at St. John's, Smith Square. Angela is clearly inspired, and she wears a red dress and flashing red smiles to keep her piano arms warm or something, and she has a big smile and a fine walk, close to hopping, a little dance step. There is definitely music in this woman. When I part from my mother, she is suddenly drenched, she is in a hurry.

Florence is still marking time by you, rushing home to you, I think you should know that. She hears you calling her name, I believe, in urgent tones, so wherever she might be in town, she is forever looking off home, where you read together and would be on the ground a while.

Moshe is right here.

There has been a terrible mistake.

Love, Emma
For my family

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ST. URBAIN'S PRODIGAL SCOLD

During a long exile and after his return, Richler was unmerciful about home

BY DANIEL POLIQUIN

Strangely enough, Marceline Richler hardly cut a unique figure in Quebec literary tradition. He was your typical returner of *Europe*—an expatriate character of the generation of young intellectuals who, disgusted by Quebec's undying provincialism, fled to France. There they discovered refinement forbidden in their dog-eat-dog society, such as wine, avant-garde poetry, odorous chaos, existentialism and freedom of thought. They would come back when family money or scholarships ran out, with world-weary eyes and a permanent feeling of isolation in a not-so-Belle-Provence where nothing seemed to change. A dreadful experience for many, imagine if Scott Fitzgerald returning to Irish fiction.

Often, they would end up a war lot, the remainder of their lives serving as penance for the good times abroad. Like the émigrés of the French Revolution, they had forgotten and learned nothing. With their newly acquired, perfect Proustian accents, they would forever lament the cultural death they had found upon their return, spewing diatribes for their ignorant consumption between puffs of Guiness cigarettes unpared at high price. They were the ultimate alienated intellectuals, forever blaming their literary surroundings for their creative impotence. They wrote a little, painted a little, shot a few bad documentaries and mostly withered in self-pity. Too often, the returned exiles managed to bring back only a hardened inferiority complex and a sophisticated admiration for all things French.

Sometimes, however, they would come back to Canada with a sense of mission and new ideas which transformed them into story-telling refiners bent on becoming their slow-moving society. They would become the Pierre Trudeau and Jacques Parizeau of postwar years, far better or worse, read some European models to fashion a more mature attitude to the needs of the modern world. Or they would be

the Anne Héberts and the Alfred Pélissiers who drew from their self-imposed exile in France to bring a new consciousness and sensitivity to their work.

Marceline Richler was a returned exile in a class of his own in that he seemed to belong in both schools of thought, unmerciful in his criticism of Canada, yet faithful in his critique of French society. In his creative poverty his 19-year sojourn in England, like his successful French-speaking counterparts, he came back a



much-improved writer, and like them, he had never ceased to think of Canada. He had logrolled away from the bad Muscoguy imitations and Late Genséan themes of his salad days, and in the '60s, while still in Britain, he began telling tales about the place he knew best: the Montreal Jewish neighbourhood where he had grown up.

Writing with a grudging fondness about his peers and true homeland, Richler began to shine. In *St. Urbain's Horseman*, his silent blossomed into fulsome maturity. He was so good that even French-speaking Québecois started naming him, and translations followed to great acclaim. These were perhaps the best years of Canada's cultural decolonization—when Richler and his peers, English and French, liberated our literature from the aesthetic references of the mother countries and started to write about ourselves and for us. Richler's torch and others' did for English Canada what Michel Tremblay's *Belle-Saison* and the works of Ralston Duthie

had done for French Québec. That was the golden age of our collective adolescence.

But Marceline remained a returned exile of the first kind in his attitude, his outlook on Canada and, mainly, in the biting words that had made him a famous novelist. Back home in the Seventies, he found Canada had remained too provincial for his taste, stuck-up and unsophisticated. Unmoved by the adoring crowd who welcomed back the lost son, he seldom missed the opportunity to take pot-shots at the small-mindedness of his countrymen, especially political bosses and intellectual dopes. His was a take-no-prisoners approach: he informed Edmondia about by incensing the dulness and rudeness of their town, paying no regard to their newly found wealth and then-dominance of NHL hockey.

But Richler owed his best years to Québec. To his disgust, he had lost forever the poor but happy neighbourhood of his childhood, which would live on solely in his memory and his imagination. Gone, too, was the bustling, colorful Montreal of his youth. He left the best and brightest had left for Toronto or New York, scared by the prospect of an independent Québec or unattracted by language laws. Richler could have left too, but he loved Québec, so he stuck around, and turned on his now contemporaries with almost first-class Marx, the indignation of the Old Testament prophet started with the acid wit of a seasoned Canadian performer to produce *Oh Canada! Oh Québec! Signeurs for a Divided Country*. Nationalists were not amused, to say the least.

The result was a cerebral affair worthy of Richler's best novels: a dialogue between two atypical individuals, both half dead, both incapable of fully comprehending the other. Marceline thought he was only exercising the fundamental right he had to question received wisdom in an open and democratic society; panopticoners were incensed at any speech that would insult any of Québec. When Richler harpooned Lucien Gauthier's anti-Semitic leanings, they lamented the blemishing of their prize



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Cover

father figure. He ridiculed language law
monsters, and they replied with the vicious
phony sense of moral superiority. Then
when he rightfully lambasted Robert
Bourassa's emotional blackmail of Canada,
they again cycled the weapons and pro-
tested their own.

They heaped scorn on his angry outburst
he didn't understand the fact that in
any French society, the state also intervenes

bec written he read in translation. His at-
tachment to Quebec was sincere and pro-
found, but they never accepted the fact
that it was precisely Richler's ethnocen-
trism that contributed so much to their spec-
tacular as they never fully integrated in
their rural landscape Leonard Calvert's
mythical poetry or Maria Galland's brilliant
short stories.

I spotted Mordecai Richler once in



He wrote of his old Montreal neighbourhood and peers with grudging fondness

in language matters, a reality that dis-
frustrated the North American libertarians
in him. In Montreal, they saw an ingrate
who longed for the days of English domi-
nance; he responded that Jews loved Que-
bec, nothing, for they had pulled them-
selves up by the bootstraps to get what
they had. They blamed him for never
learning French; he replied that he had
adapted to Quebec and even sent his kids
to French schools. They never even read
the book they attacked so bitterly, and he
couldn't go on French-language television
without the assistance of an interpreter.
They couldn't fault his intelligence, nor
his, their insecurity. Red blood flowed pro-
fusely on both sides.

What neither nationalists nor Richler
understood was how much they had in
common. They both loved to ridicule the
Westernmost upper crust of old; he so-
knowledgeed how much he adored Que-

bec—long before I ever worked with
him. He was sitting in a sidewalk cafe near
the Quartier latin, accompanied by his
beautiful wife, his coat hanging on his
shoulder like an anachronistic cape, while
sipping espresso with a cognac on the side,
and smoking one of his beloved cheroots
without fear of the dirty looks he surely
would have elicited in Toronto the Good.
I didn't dare introduce myself because he
looked so comfortable, so perfectly at
home in the City of Light, surrounded by
the learned and sophisticated crowd. He
looked happy. As happy, well, as any
Quebecois intellectual in Paris.

When Daniel Philpott, who resided
Richler's last City Canada City Quebec
Residence for a Decade Country was French,
recently sent the *Shogakukan* Calvert Award
for his book *In the Name of the Father*, a
critical essay on Quebec nationalism.

thanks!

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ROGERS

'A MAN WHO ENJOYED LOVING'

The wife he adored, and treasured as an editor, evokes the private Mordecai

By every account, from the moment Mordecai Richler first set eyes on his future wife, Florence, more than four decades ago, he was devoted to her—and remained that way through all their years together. That devotion was revealed in how he behaved, a former-fiction model whom Richler described, among other things, as his "best critic"—at least the one I take most seriously." In conversation with Maclean's Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith recently, he reminisced about life with his late husband. Excerpt

From the moment when we first became acquainted in London more than 40 years ago, I knew I had never met anyone like him. There was a hypersensitivity about him. He was almost like someone unfurnished. There was something very raw, and it was unswerving, but it was also compelling. He was really a very delicate, almost sensitive youth. That's how he described himself. And awkward as well. In the early days, before I knew him well, he was forever breaking things by accident. If I passed him an ashtray, he'd place it on his knee, immediately cross the other leg, and drop the ashtray on the floor.

Mordecai in the early days could be quite outrageous in parties, walk in the door, and not say one word. He'd stare at me, very social, but he would intimidate everyone [laughs] just by entering the room, and frequently, there would be a silence. And most of the time, one would wish that he would leave very soon, so that we could all be our kooky and ordinary selves. There was something about this five-foot man that logic one step to what we said and did. I don't mean that he behaved according to his love, but there was a very strong, particular element about Mordecai that was very much a part of him. But I remember when he left town—he was going to France—and a very dear friend of mine said, when we were all commiserating with one another, "Oh dear, what will we all do without Mordecai?" And this man said, "Yes, we've lost our conscience."

That was quite a dramatic statement and an exaggeration, obviously. But fundamentally, it was true.

We returned to Montreal from London in May of '72, and I went scurrying around looking for a place for us to live. It happened that I was over in the Park Avenue area, and, really out of sheer curiosity, I walked down St. Urbain Street. And there was the house he lived in, up the stairs. So when I went home, I told him I'd seen the house—he was never really very interested, he just always knew I would find a place—and he knew I'd find a place where there would be separate quarters that could be turned into a private little room where he could work, and I didn't really get to know any other details. But on this occasion, I told him his old house was for sale, and I think he lived in the middle flat, and he said, "Oh, you could never, never go there," and I said, "What fun, I could fix it up," and he said, "No, you have to realize that publicly I could never live that down." My idea did not go over well, I realize that now. I was quite disappointed. I thought it would be lovely for him to go back to his old address.

He knew that he annoyed various people with what he wrote, but oh, it was never really difficult. I was sophisticated right when Mordecai was speaking, somebody got up from the audience, and said to him, "Why did you have to make Daddy Kravitz Jewish?" Why couldn't he have been, say, Irish? This was a really amazing reflection on people like that, who obviously were hurt by the chances, but didn't understand it at all. How Daddy could have been Italian any more than he could have been Muslim. It was ludicrous. And most of the time, I did find over the years, very people who have never read him, or if they did read him, they misunderstood.

He loved Quebec. He loved living in Quebec. He liked Quebecers. He'd find them, as I did, by far the most interesting, stimulating, and delightful people in the country. And when we were coming back to Canada, there was no question or argu-

ing elsewhere. And it wasn't just because he was born on St. Urbain Street—it's true it was familiar—but he loved it there.

When he was writing in began a book, I think he was always difficult. While the material was penetrating, as he began, the uncertainty, the feeling that it was not what he'd intended, and therefore he'd have to write it all over again. He never said very much, but it was so obvious, he was pretty wound up most of the time. He was an odorous man, and took off very little time. That's why in between the novels, he would take a little trip, and do something, usually for a travel magazine, and he'd have great fun. Of course, it was all great for the mail, going off on safari. And there are only times that he oversteered completely, because most of the time, it was difficult. But it was a fortunate union, because I had, as he put it, my strong inner resources. We did not want to live in each other's pocket, so that we went in the same room, and the same house, for almost 42 years.

In all modesty I mean, I was very active in editing and offering my feelings about Mordecai's work, he always showed me the first draft. There was only one very serious difference of opinion as a result. I did make some various criticisms about one of the books, and it did mean that it would result in withdrawing one very significant chunk of what he had written, and rewriting it. He visibly got upset. And he was going off to New York. It was the only time in all our years together that I did not get a passionate kiss and hug goodbye [laughs]. And I was deeply upset. I must admit. Nevertheless, I watched him descend the steps and get into the car, and I knew I would hear from him when he got to New York. And I did hear that he was there, and safe, but I didn't hear from him often, as I normally did, which was [laughs] often once an hour. However, very late that evening, Bob Corbitt telephoned me Mordecai. I can't believe how Mordecai got to the movies, because he couldn't stand the pain of waiting in



"I don't think he really expected a happy family life, based on the experiences he had as a child, but he did, and he was very grateful."

the other room, pretending he was reading the newspaper. And then Bob called to say, "I hear we've made the same criticism, and I thought you'd enjoy knowing this." So I was, as you can imagine, over the moon [laughs].

I think Solomon Gandy is his most brilliant book. I thought Cochen was the most delightful, and the last one, that's been done in decades. Bengali Simon was wonderful. And St. Urbain's Florence. Bengali... I don't know anyone who hasn't read it

and not dissolved in tears. And not because he was being sentimental, but because he understood all these people so well.

Mordecai was very disciplined in his work habits. He rose at 6:30, and he was invariably at his desk at the latest at 8 o'clock, usually 7:30. And then, he would have a mid-morning break, come down. He liked making himself a pot of tea, I certainly could have done it for him, but it was part of the ritual. Then he would re-entire upstairs. The most serious part of his

writing day was that early morning period.

It was more difficult when the children were young. I remember one of them saying, "Do you know in other houses, the children don't sleep around as we do [laughs]?" We were more sleep in the house, but even so, we were always on edge, and whispering most of the time, unless they were in their rooms with the door closed. And they grew up like that, it was part of the conditioning. So he was really, if ever disturbed. He was quite privileged. That was the ap-

anxiety. This was one of the reasons the marriage worked so well. I don't think he really expected a happy family life, based on the experience he had when he was a child, but he did, and he was very grateful. He wasn't quite like Mr. Doolittle coming down in his socks, and saying good night, and whispering his wife off to the party that he was apologetic, and everyone knew this, and he was always there for an early supper, and he loved being the family that they never smothered with his day.

I don't think a day went by without a call from him, no matter where he was in the world. In the same way, when I was with a small museum group to what was then the Soviet Union, and it was extremely difficult to get a telephone call through, I did the same thing. I just sat by the concierge desk for hours until it was possible to call him.

He seldom talked about dying, even after his cancer was first diagnosed. I only know from decades before that it was as it is with artists generally, that terrible awareness that ultimately, we're all only here for what amounts to a few moments of consciousness. He could talk about this from time to time, but for very short periods.

When I look back on our life together, it seems to me that he grew into the personality that he had, he became the man he wanted to be. He was a misanthrope, and therefore, it seemed to be a natural growth from that person who was so warm and needy to someone who then became an independent, who had obviously been so strong all along. And someone with that kind of appetite could only be difficult. But we hardly ever argued. If ever there was a slight altercation, he was always very funny about it. I would get flowers, or I would be taken to dinner. He would then be quite overjoyed.

His presence is so strong, even now. I think he's with all of us. I've talked to the family about it. It's very difficult. In London or Montreal, just walking down the street, you think he'll be there, any moment.

My favorite image of him revolves around his favorite place in the world, which was our house in the Eastern Townships in Quebec. I would watch him from the window above the kitchen sink. We had a huge kitchen there, it was a wonderful room, and I liked standing by the sink and looking out, because I had created a little bakery there, and he'd go out in the afternoon when he'd finished work, and I would see him, smoking a cigar and sipping a coffee, and deep in thought, and he looked so extraordinary. And he would never know I was standing there, but I was quite overwhelmed by that. I still find that way when I think about it, and him. He was a man who enjoyed loving, and he understood what love really means. ■

'SUCH A GREAT LAUGH AND A MORAL COMPASS'

BY DANIEL RICHLER

I was full of admiration for Alvin Karpis when, about 20 years ago, she wrote a magazine article in which she described the experience of bringing her father's daughter from a subject to which I could relate: growing up under a famous parent, but his challenges, not least that the very act of talking about yourself risks appearing pompous, even at times, opportunistic. You get eaten away wondering why should anyone care what you have to say, but for the family name.

Moralist was aware of this from the beginning. When we were kids, he would hide newspapers from us that featured him. (Of this I was informed much later, during the period in which I tried to bribe all my teen identity crises on his personal implication in the generation gap, in adolescence, in global warming, etc.) But his efforts were in vain, since he landed in anyway through the headlines, looking and from magazine covers, at school.

"My dad read your dad's book," a boy blurted at me during math.

"Really? What did he think?"

"My dad says it's not as bad as some of the noise."

"Ouch! But what did he think?"

"One word, he said, 'be better.' (I'll be it.)"

In my 26th, I was asked by the way the book, the father author, publicly assessed his child.



Daniel interviewed Mordecai on TV in 1992

son. His published books made writing seem like the risk of art, with its license to speak the truth as fully as possible. (On his father Karpis's early days for the magazine, he wrote, "Well, we just knew he was out and out success all on his own.") I barely imagined that such badinage might be cathartic for me—entertaining, productive—but I could never put it off. For a start, Dad and I hardly ever argued—but in my case, he also had the family's policy too much, he never said no for a joke, and I'm more than grateful. For too he expressed my nascent political sensibility, my early taste at literature, well... let's not go there.

In 1991, while I was doing publicity for my novel *Nothing*, however, otherwise, suddenly went this way. "Now think harder, was it for me to be published, your father being who he is?"

"What?" I'd answer, "He gave us kids some very advice, you know? There are 28 letters in the alphabet. Just jumble them up."

"So he did help you get a publisher?"

This would have been more painful had Dad not—in silence—revealed his greatest enthusiasm for my first book, just as he always did for his son. Randomly, he liked to distinguish between publishing as a writer, and just getting on with the writing. When I moved into a Jewish family busy with Fleet 188 high society, he could expect a writer's gold mine, and, ever brotherly one other note, expressed concern over how I was going to get away with writing about it.

But as that matter of Dad's help for a while when we were kids, he'd assigned weekend essays in which we'd be required to use words like "security" and "paradox." It was ordered to us how a day, leaving home, some of us were dispatched with a top 10 list of words that included, "Write about what you know. Don't use 12 words when you will do. When writing about people, you've acquired with, shuffle the deck." He don't forget these things.

After his death, the public historical continues to hang through. Time and again, I have stopped by at airports on the street. They apologize for being late or off the bus, for making my afternoon, but they can't help it because they say they feel like they know him personally too. As for me, it is terrible to be reminded of him in this way every day, but the knowledge that so many people feel we're not a powerful voice from our own—a great laugh and a moral compass—is almost as comforting.

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A new deal for Africa

BY BEN WINK

In parts of Africa, Jean Chrétien and Canada can do no wrong. For many Nigerians, Canada is a *miracle* in democracy because of its uncompromising stance against the military dictatorship that hanged its father and executed and imprisoned scores of pro-democracy activists between 1993 and 1999. Similar sentiments are echoed in South Africa, where many activists still remember Pierre Trudeau's diplomatic support in the long struggle against apartheid. Canada was also involved in ending the civil war in Sierra Leone in 1999, and helped broker a peace deal earlier this year in Angola.

Now, on June 26-27, Chrétien will host the G8 meeting at Kananaskis, Alta., with one primary goal to convince the G8 to adopt a sweeping economic plan that could lift Africa out of poverty. "The eyes of millions of Africans," says President Abdoulaye Wade of Senegal, "will be looking to Kananaskis."

During a rare-day tour of Africa this spring, the Prime Minister visited 16 African leaders to discuss what some are dubbing "a Marshall Plan for Africa"—an reference to the billions of dollars the United States pumped into Europe to rebuild its shattered continent following the Second World War. The plan, known as the New Partnership for Africa's Development,

was put together over the last four years by South African President Thabo Mbeki, Nigerian President Olusegun Obasanjo and President Abdoulaye Bour-Fika of Algeria. Mbeki and Obasanjo outlined the NEPAD plan at the G8 summit in Geneva last year, where they issued a challenge to Africans to reverse decades of decline by taking control of their own economic destiny.

The plan calls for a marriage partnership between governments, business and civil society in Africa to promote democracy and invest in significant reform in technology, health and education. The G8 countries gave Africa nearly \$10 billion in economic aid in 2000, and if



At the G8 summit, Chrétien will be pushing a plan that would give more aid and investment to countries promoting democracy and human rights

Chrétien can convince the G8 leadership to spend more, that figure may jump dramatically. To make that funding more effective, NEPAD's architects want to change how the money is delivered. In the future it would only go to countries that are democratic, promote human rights and enact "Western-style laws—so-called 'good governance' behind which corporations can safely operate." "Countries where they fear democratic rule," said Chrétien in a speech in New York in April, "will be rewarded with increased aid and investment." (Africa received less than one per cent of the total of global foreign direct investment last year, and the amount has been falling.)

"Who the average African knows little of anything about NEPAD, most of Africa's leaders are determined to press ahead, calling for international corporations to invest more in their countries," NEPAD is a program designed, conceived and planned by African leaders of the highest political level and for the first time meant to be created by Africans," says Nigeria's Obasanjo. He bluntly says up how it will be implemented: "It's carrot, carrot, carrot and stick."

But choosing between carrots can be democratic or dictators won't be easy, as the Zimbabwean crisis showed. Some observers viewed President Robert Mugabe's controversial re-election in March as an

Victims of rebel atrocities in Sierra Leone (far left); supporters of President Robert Mugabe at a March 7 rally react to Mugabe's critics of the Zimbabwean struggle (above left); Nigerians cheer for the names of missing relatives after a February explosion at a military camp killed at least 600 people

single of the kind of obstacles Africa still faces. Many African countries concluded that the election had been held fairly, but Western governments, including Canada, were highly critical of Mugabe's heavy-handed tactics. So would Zimbabwe receive G8 economic aid? Much of Africa has also been destabilized by war and civil unrest, further complicating decisions surrounding which countries should receive aid. And during Chrétien's state to Africa he received a grim lesson when Niger's troops happily police that at his media conference. Nothing could have better illustrated the reality of Africa, where the best-laid plans are often derailed in chaos.

Chrétien later brushed off the shooting, and remains involved to help Africa at Kananaskis. But the problems that have to be overcome seem almost insurmountable. One African in five is affected by an armed conflict or civil war, 260 million of the 699 million people in sub-Saharan Africa live on less than one dollar a day; life expectancy in the region is 47 years, compared to 79 in Canada. Of the 40 million people worldwide infected with HIV, the virus that causes AIDS, more than two-thirds live in Africa. And so it goes, a devastating list of statistics that add up to a grim prognosis. "This is a continent of 900 million people that is regressing rather than progressing," said Chrétien on May 14 after meeting with French President Jacques Chirac in London at the summit. "We have to make sure they come back to part of the global system and make a contribution to growth in the world."

To help prepare the ground for the G8 meeting, Chrétien appointed Canada's ambassador to Ivory Coast, Robert Fowler, as his personal representative for the G8 summit and Africa. Fowler, a former ambassador to the United Nations who is described as Chrétien's "eyes and ears" in Africa, is an interesting choice at first sight. Sherpa—as the personal representative of G8 leaders are known. He began his working life as an English teacher at the National University of Rwanda and was

Canada and the World

international in brokering a peace agreement in Angola in 1999 when he was UN ambassador.

Fowler was at Genoa last year when the G8 and a group of African leaders led by Mbeki agreed to consider implementing the NEPAD plan. A keen amateur photographer, Fowler took pictures of the protests at the meetings, in which one demonstrator died and more than 800 were arrested. His observations at Genoa convinced him to the anti-globalization movement that has been gaining critical

momentum as griet to the critical staff. The Prime Minister, says John Saul, a professor of political science at York University in Toronto, has "chosen to play the dubious role of maddening in what he describes as a 'suspect endeavour' to promote the agenda of the IMF and WTO.

It is a view cautiously shared by James Orlinski, a Sault Ste. Marie fellow at the Munk Centre for International Studies at the University of Toronto. Orlinski, a former international president of Medicine Sans Frontières, feels that Ottawa should direct its focus and its agenda to ensure that Canadian programs help the masses of

ing the issue. "As of now, Nigerians don't know of NEPAD," says Adedeji, who is temporarily based in Calgary at the invitation of CUSO to discuss the NEPAD agreement with Canadians. "It just seems that a few Africans have forced it down the throat of everybody."

And to a point, Fowler agrees. "It is absolutely true," he admits, "that civil society in Africa has not been deeply engaged in NEPAD, but if this was a grassroots initiative we would be saying there is not enough buy-in at several levels." Fowler and Canada have clearly been working hard to engage people in dialogue, sponsoring a Canada



Soldiers try to quell a February, 2000, demonstration in Dakar, Senegal, organized by a coalition of opposition parties; Christian greets children in April after inaugurating a new water well built with Canadian money in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

ness around the world—and now has NEPAD in its sights. There have been a number of six-Africa programs in the past, Fowler admits, but he says that one might work because it is being proposed by Africans themselves and therefore may gain wider acceptance. But the protestors argue that NEPAD is a Trojan Horse designed to seduce Western corporations in their continuing exploitation of the continent, and not the African people.

In fact, when discussing Africa, Christian does at times appear to be misinterpreting the forces of globalization being advanced by the International Monetary Fund and World Trade Organization. "Private investment must be the engine of African growth," he said during his speech in New York City. "And from there the light." Such

poor who live in the rural areas of the continent. Doing so, Orlinski suggests, may not help Western corporations but it will create that economic tide that the most needy people.

Others complain that NEPAD is an elitist program, developed from the top down, with little input from ordinary Africans. At the World Social Forum in Brazil earlier this year, South African trade unionist Thembu Ngwenye recommended that the forum reject NEPAD until the people of Africa have had a chance to learn more about what he termed the G8's "neo-liberal" agenda that benefits only the wealthiest class.

Others, including Bayarea Adedeji, a Nigerian human rights activist and veteran journalist, says Africans have to start delat-

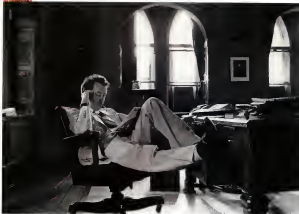
wide consultative process and engaging NGOs and individuals concerned about the continent. The big challenge now is to take that further—into the arena where the plan will have to win the broken hearts and skeptical minds of Africans. And in spite of the criticism, Christian has still taken on a huge and worthy challenge. It is an unenviable task, but one that the Prime Minister's advisors say cannot wait. "There are going to be serious bumps along the way," says Fowler, "but Africa needs it desperately—and it's now."

Kire White is a Toronto-based writer. Born in Nigeria, he left in 1978. In 1995 he joined pro-democracy activist Kire Sere-White, was arrested by the military's military dictatorship.

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DEPARTURE TIME?

Tory insiders say Joe Clark is ready to make a dignified exit from politics

BY JULIAN BELTRAME in Ottawa

This time there will be no push. No false non-aggression pact like the one Brian Mulroney made with him in the early 1980s while all the while scheming against him. No orchestrated ganging up, as when pro-Mulroney forces derailed him a face-saving endorsement from the party faithful at the 1983 Winnipeg leadership review. Instead, Joe Clark, the second-time Progressive Conservative leader, will choose the manner of his exit much like the NDP's Alexa McDonough, who in a dignified, professional manner two weeks ago made it clear she understood her time was up.

Last week, with the Liberals steepling themselves for open civil war, Tories were

contemplating something they've seldom managed—an orderly succession. Party insiders say Clark, who has put his Ottawa home on sale, is close to deciding to step down, possibly before the Aug. 22-25 leadership review convention in Edmonton. "Obviously he's thinking about it," says Horrie Andes, a friend and former Tory cabinet colleague. "He has been for a long time, and the thinking has gotten more immediate."

On the personal front, party insiders say Clark, who turned 63 this month, first wanted to get past his daughter Catherine's June 6 wedding. Friends have also been reported raising money for a retirement fund and inquiring about teaching positions at prestigious U.S. universities. "He can't do



that for himself," explained one. "He can't be seen using his current position to get something." Politically, Clark is weighing the pros and cons of stepping down before the leadership review or staying on for another six months, protecting an image of Tory stability in the national leadership and ethics-regulation Liberals. Tories say they won't push—but some do want him to act quickly. "If he's going," said one party official, "I don't know why he would want to put himself through the leadership process."

Not that anyone expects a repeat of 1983. Two decades ago, the Tories were angry with Clark for carelessly losing his minority government in a 1979 budget vote, then going down to defeat in the sub-

sequent election to a rejuvenated Pierre Trudeau. And disgruntled Conservatives had a ready alternative in Mulroney, who'd been causing Clark discomfort for years. "I know of no organized effort to remove him this time," says Peter Van Loan, a former party president who left that post after being associated with a perceived attempt to oust the leader prior to the 2000 general election. What unsure there is, says Van Loan, is a warning of grafting over: Clark's failure to take full advantage of electoral strife inside the Canadian Alliance under Stockwell Day, which resulted in 13 Alliance MPs leaving the caucus and the eventual leadership victory of Stephen Harper.

Clark has of late appeared to be going through the motions. Last June, in an interview with *Maclean's*, he was buoyant, full of hopes and schemes and laying out his scenario for restoring the Tories to glory. He said his challenge was to convince Canadians they could again regard the Tories as the natural alternative to the Liberals, by performing well in the House of Commons—something even critics agree he's done—and drawing disaffected Alliance MPs into an accommodation with his party. But that latter strategy collapsed in April, when the victorious Harper welcomed back 12 of the disaffected with open arms. "Realistically, he now realizes that to marshal the kind of effort necessary to form the government the next time just may not be possible," says Andes of Clark. "Frankly, he's looking a little moodier."

The question that remains is—can anyone do better? News Scotia MP Peter MacKay, often mentioned as a likely successor, calls Clark the "most stable and competent" national leader in the country.

An Ipsos-Reid survey conducted in the first week of June gave Clark a 54 per cent approval rating, higher than Jean Charest's 46 per cent and Harper's 40 per cent. As a party, however, the Tories languish in the low crests in most polls, far behind the Liberals, and slightly behind the Alliance. "We're not getting any traction and we're not likely to get any without a change of leaders," said one Tory insider.

Despite the low prospects for the party, some credible names are apparently ready to take a shot at the leadership. Hugh Segal is almost certain to try. The Montreal-based president of the Institute for Research on Public Policy and former Mulroney chief of staff finished second behind Clark in the 1998 leadership race and is convinced he can win the prize this time. Also said to be interested is John Tory, president and CEO of Regent Cable Inc. and former Canadian Football League commissioner, who has served as Tory campaign manager in several federal elections. From the caucus, only MacKay, son of former Mulroney cabinet minister Elmer, is considered a serious contender. He's been grooming himself for the job since entering Parliament in 1997 and has been brushing up on his French, which he considers a test yet ready for prime time. On everyone's wish list is Bernard Lord, the formerly bilingual New Brunswick premier who, surprisingly, won a sweeping victory three years ago in a province thought to have buried the provincial Tories.

Others in the party expect that a change in leadership will eventually result in a merger with the Alliance, thereby creating a broad centre-right party capable of

threatening Liberal hegemony. Some believe Clark's departure would also heighten pressure on Chretien to follow suit, because it would leave the Liberals as the only national party not to have changed leaders since the last election. With the Liberals answered under a different leader, they say, Harper would be forced to acknowledge the futility of maintaining the schism between Canadian conservatives.

For Clark, the second starring will be best. In 1998, with the Tories down to 19 seats in the House, he seemed after a five-year absence with a mission to save the party from oblivion—but also with a faint hope he could again become prime minister. But in the 2000 election, the Tories dropped to 12 seats—the minimum required to maintain party status in the House. Now, he will be going at a time when the Conservatives cannot be assured of their long-term survival. In the final analysis, Clark's most lasting impression may be made by the dignified manner in which he chooses to leave the leadership of his often fractious party—and not by what he leaves behind.

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Clusters of Parkinson's

Is there clear evidence of an environmental link?

BY DANYLO HARMALESHNA

The numbers kept climbing. First one, then two, and finally three of Shirley Luscombe's seven office co-workers at a clothing accessories factory in Montreal were diagnosed with Parkinson's disease. Then in 2000, Luscombe went to see a neurologist about stiffness in her legs. He told her she was in the early stages of the disease. "I almost flipped," says Luscombe, who retired as office manager in 1999 after 35 years service. "I don't have to tell you, it was quite a shock to my system."

Luscombe, 73, has followed with interest actor Michael J. Fox's battle with Parkinson's, an incurable neurodegenerative disorder that destroys brain cells responsible for producing a chemical messenger called dopamine. Parkinson's struck three members of the production unit at CBC Television in Vancouver who worked with Fox in the late 1970s. That cluster spurred speculation about a possible common cause—perhaps a toxin, maybe a virus. That assertion, however, also raised eyebrows among scientists who feel the study of genetics is a promising source of

answers to the mysteries of Parkinson's, one that can't be ignored.

Dr. Donald Calne, director emeritus of the UBC Pacific Parkinson's Research Centre, says he would like to investigate the Montreal phenomenon. Calne, who treats three patients in the Fox group but not Fox himself, is also following up on preliminary evidence of another first Parkinson's sufferer who worked together in B.C.'s Okanagan Valley. "If that's a group of people in some situation—same place, same time—then the case is likely to have been right there in the environment because they're unrelated," says Calne. "That's not genetic."

Dr. William Langston is cautious about environmental influences. He's chief scientific adviser at the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research, established by the actor to expand funding of the world's best research. In a statement on the group's Web site, Langston and Dr. Caroline Tanner, director of clinical research at the Parkinson's Institute in Sunnyvale, Calif., acknowledge there is some evidence to suggest chemical toxins or certain bacteria, fungus or metals may cause some

Parkinson's cases, but insufficient research to lead to a conclusion. "Limited investigation of the few reported clusters," they add, "has yielded little significant data on possible links to Parkinson's disease." At Toronto Western Hospital's Movement Disorder Centre, the director, Dr. Anthony Lang, is interested in the small minority of patients who may get Parkinson's predominantly or exclusively because of their genes. "It's the understanding of these rare but important genetic causes," says Lang, "that may, I think, provide the breakthroughs we need."

As the academics follow their different paths, patients are left to hope for answers. Luscombe's colleague Jack Fels, 86, one-time owner of the business, was diagnosed five years ago. "I guess everybody looks at it differently," he says. "At my age I figured, look, damn what old people get." Two men in their 50s who worked with them and have Parkinson's declined to be interviewed. Luscombe recalls no unusual bouts of illness in her 35 years at the factory that might suggest a viral cause. She says they have one other thing in common aside from working together: they're all Jewish. "The chosen people," she jokes. But at this point, she's more concerned about a cure for Parkinson's than its causes. "When will they find something for it?" wonders the grandmother of three. "That's what I want to know."

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Donald Coxo

Feast—and famine

WE WANT to see a new production of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* this week. It got me to musing about cycles, rising and the resilience of long-term forecasting.

Joseph's story is history's first recorded example of these processes at work in a nation's economy. Interpreting the Pharaoh's dreams, the slave correctly predicted seven coming years for the Egyptian economy, followed by seven years of famine. He suggested the Pharaoh should appoint someone skilled in economic management to set aside the coming food surpluses to protect the nation against the ensuing crop failures. The wise Pharaoh accepted the forecast and sensibly made Joseph the super-minister to manage the economy.

There were many ingredients in this success story.

First, the forced setting aside of food mismanaged agricultural prices during the years of over-production, thereby accumulating further over-production.

Second, the government had to remain committed to the view that these great years were not signs of a New Era for Egypt, but a mere boom cycle; the good times would not last.

Third, because Egypt got it right, it became the most powerful nation in the ancient world; its rich economies were dominated during the years of crop failures.

Fourth, the national government had to remain committed to the belief that the good times should not be squandered as an excuse of peasant-bulldozing and conspicuous consumption.

What is the relevance for our times? The seven years beginning in the spring of 1994 were among the finest in U.S. economic and financial history. The post-Cold War peace gave Washington the dividends to boost spending on rearming programs while running surpluses; jobs were created as one of the fastest rates in the Western world; inflation fell, driving an amazing rally in bonds; the dollar rose; technology shares led the stock market in a record-breaking rally; mutual funds became sex objects and household wealth reached undreamed-of heights.

What was missing? A Joseph to warn that the boom would not last—a leader who would have imposed some discipline on the inevitable disease that accompanies sustained euphoria. A modern Joseph would have managed the economy so that the corporate sector and the citizenry prepared themselves for the coming lean years.

Yes, there were a few wise people (such as Warren Buffett) who indicated the technology mania and pointed out that the 20-per-cent-plus returns from the stock market for five straight

years were far above historic norms; that a long-term correction was inevitable. Wall Street, staffed with thousands of the world's top financial analysts, should have been the first to sound the alarm, but was instead the biggest cheerleader in the campaign to convince investors that what is dubbed "The New Economy" meant the good times would just keep rolling.

In the current issue of the respected *Risk Capital Analysis*, Martin Barnes weighs the obesity of the fat years, concluding that an optimistic scenario for the next 10 years would imply average U.S. equity returns (dividends and capital gains combined) of six per cent—which would be just 3.9 per cent in real (inflation-adjusted) terms.

That would not, of course, be a decade of famine, but it would be a terrible outcome for the many Baby Boomers

Wall Street wasn't as wise as Joseph and the Pharaoh, and investors will pay for it in the lean years to come

counting on easy equity gains to let them retire comfortably. Barnes cites a survey conducted by the Vanguard mutual fund organization of participation in 401(k) plans (the U.S. equivalent of employer-sponsored group RRSPs). Of the respondents, 27 per cent had no focus on long-term stock returns, but 22 per cent expected 30-per-cent to 100-per-cent a year for the coming decade. "Including the hyper-optimists,"

the median expected long-run return from equities was 10 per cent a year," Barnes observes.

That 10 per cent a year roughly equates to the long-term returns from the Standard & Poor 500 in the decades leading up to the bubble era, so it might seem like a reasonable forecast. Problem, however, the market has gone far above that level, it has "regressed to the mean." Market returns fall sharply for an extended period of time so that the very long-term return get back to the mean, or the average. You don't get back to long-term averages with annual returns at the long-term rate. You've got to have some years of really lousy numbers.

What makes that sometime forecast more reasonable is the other aspect of the slowness of a Joseph during the fat years: the U.S. savings rate—already the lowest in the industrial world—usually falls during the great times. Apparently, people figured they didn't need to cut back on their borrowing because the stock market was making them rich. Corporations and consumers borrowed more heavily than ever.

So if the U.S. government had been led by a Joseph, his party would have been antithetical in the next election. Yes, Joseph was smart, but he needed a smart Pharaoh.

Donald Coxo is chairman of Heron Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Javelin Investments.



A need for e-cycling

The problem: where do old computers go to die?

BY DENIS GHEZZI

There it sits: that computer you paid a good \$3,000 for 10 years ago. And now it's so slow as to be almost useless, even the kids disdain it because it won't handle today's games or cool Internet graphics. If you're like most people, you probably figure the only way to get rid of it—and its potentially toxic contents—is to leave it on the front curb. That may be why, when Western consumer electronics chain A&B Sound offered an alternative, people turned out in droves.

The day before Earth Day, nine of the firm's B.C. stores collected from consumers used or broken electronic goods including computers, servers and cell phones—so-called e-waste—for environmentally sound disposal. In all, about 30 tons were accumulated. A month later, the chain mailed out similar events to 11 stores in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. "The number one question from people was when are you going to do it again," says marketing manager Colem Gallagher-Hogg.

Tenney years after the personal computer moved on from shelves, govern-

ments, technology manufacturers, environmental groups—and concerned consumers—are wrestling with a growing problem: what to do with the tide of discarded technology threatening to poison the country's landfills. While dozens of private players have entered the scene—both for-profit and non—over the past few years, the recycling industry is still in its infancy. Theoretically, the business potential is huge: consider that four million new computer systems are expected to ship in Canada this year, with a three-to-five-year life expectancy, and you get an idea of the amount of second-hand equipment that regularly becomes available.

Yet organizing A&B Sound's "e-cycle" events wasn't easy. Gallagher-Hogg spent months looking for a suitable recycler before settling on Logic Box Distribution Inc. The company took the lead and shipped its train to its newly expanded facility in Mississauga, Ont., a mix of inter-connected warehouses, offices and basement space encompassing 33,000 square feet of an industrial park strip mall. There, seven Shasta Marjall's of 20 full-time technicians disassemble, repair and refurbish nearly 30,000 pieces of equipment

each quarter, a steadily increasing number. "There is a big buyback and active market in used equipment," Marjall says.

Not everyone agrees. Some analysts believe there is only a limited consumer interest in second-hand equipment, especially given North America's culture of disposability. "There's always a market for legacy systems, but it's small and ignored by most," says Joel Tie, a Toronto-based computer industry analyst. "You can't give away anything that's slower than a Pentium II 300 computers." Still, you can. Not-for-profit outfits like the Computers for Schools program, a federal government-led operation that channels old units to needy institutions, and Robots Canada, which redistributes them for sale to other non-profits and charities, depend on donations of equipment. But such groups don't always have the money to haul it away.

In 1995, Marjall saw a for-profit opportunity in the used equipment market, where margins were better than for new computers. He began buying old units from corporate buying companies, banks and auction houses to sell. But eventually that business became competitive, and margins started to shrink. "Then we decided to branch out into value-added services to retain our market position," Marjall says. "Buying equipment that needed some work done to it—repairs, cleaning, adding parts to make it usable again—which other companies preferred to say

away from." Logic Box takes mostly old computers—though a variety of servers, mainframes and other equipment show up on its doorstep—and either refurbishes them by substituting components from other units, or disassembles and sorts the parts for resale. The company currently sorts about 15,000 and 20,000 different products, from individual memory chips to laptop computers, and Marjall would like to get to 100,000 to satisfy customer demand. Last quarter, he sold 15,222 items, including 2,054 fully functioning computers. In 2001, he even sold 3,000 refurbished 486-model computers, a very old vintage, for sale in Latin America. Always hungry for new sources, Logic Box recently launched a pilot program in cooperation with several southern Ontario municipalities to collect residential e-waste.

But even now, Marjall admits, the used computer market is changing. "I see the line coming when buying parts simply for repairing desktop computers is not going to be worthwhile." He points to what he compares with VCRs—new ones have come in cheap, there is no money in fixing up old ones for sale.

Once computers and other electronic devices reach that throw-away stage, all-out recycling of their materials will be the only answer. So far, only a few small businesses have ventured into this realm, mainly ripping out components and parts and sorting them according to their metal or other value. But Mississauga-based

Electronic Product Recovery Services Inc., or EPR, has designed a sophisticated, automated mechanical solution to this labour-intensive process. The 1,700-sq-m metal blast chutes through the computers, cellphones, or fax machines—each category processed separately—shredded into its parts. In a matter of minutes, small chips of waste the size of grain picks are sorted by type—aluminum, steel, zinc—and carried out the tail end. Nothing goes to waste even the dust produced during the operation is trapped, compressed and reprocessed. EPR works with partners to recycle the cardboard, insulate packaging and even the shrink wrap. "Sustainable companies in our industry are going to have to guarantee that 100 per cent of what they take is recycled," says Sid Morin, EPR's vice-president of corporate services. The company hopes to carve a niche for itself in the world market as a licensor of its processing technology.

But even EPR must contend with a new wildlife problem. Used increasingly by electronics manufacturers for part about everything but the actual circuitry, the plastics are made from a wicker bowl of hazardous chemicals, which can't be sorted by automated systems. Then there are computer monitors, which have so far defied affordable recycling. Cathode ray tubes, found in both monitors and televisions, contain lead to protect users from radiation. Environmentalists warn it can leak into the ground if discarded in a landfill.

Used keyboards, obsolete CPUs—Marjall (left) takes them all at Logic Box.

Governments are trying to deal with all these problems. The European Union restricts the use of hazardous substances, such as lead and certain flame retardants in electronic equipment, and requires manufacturers to take back and recycle waste computers. In the United States, where 250 million computers will be retired over the next five years, the idea of a national recycling program has been floated, while some states have banned cathode ray tube dumping in landfills. Alberta's Action on Waste program aims to divert 75 per cent of computer waste and spent fluorescent bulbs destined for landfills into recycling channels by the year 2005. Ontario is finalizing legislation that will make manufacturers responsible for disposal of electronic waste. And Manitoba is proposing regulations that would require both manufacturers and retailers of electronic consumer goods to manage disposal of the products.

Part of the solution may lie in changing the consumer mindset that demands fast electronics—cell, fax, automobiles—the newer and better. "There is so much redundancy equipment out there," says Alison Greenwood, officer of *Greening Business*, a magazine for corporate readers. "When you do with a computer or video equipment, we think it fit for nothing. A car has one life—why not a computer?"



The scoop on sex and Sue

Before we go further into this column, a warning: if you consider sex a more hazy topic than violent death or other run-made topics, you definitely want to stop right here. And if you're among the relatively few Canadians who don't know Sue Johnson, there may be as much as a thing as too much information. Let's just start with this: before I met Sue, I had never tried soundbath biscuits and never heard of the G-spot orgasm—two things a woman should be acquainted with. Now, I'm better informed, and better off on both counts. In 1997, I was offered a position as production assistant on the *Sunday Night Sex Show* by a family friend, R.J. Gallivan—the show's director (and author of the recently published *Network Admissions: Sex Johnson and The Sunday Night Sex Show*). I accepted despite my unfamiliarity with either the show or its host. Turns out I'd been living in a cave. Millions of Canadians know Sue—a name who in 1970 opened Canada's first birth control clinic for women in the grocery who travels to schools countryside talking, in her matter-of-fact way, about sex. And everyone but me seemed to know about her personal info and TV call-in progress.

Live call-in TV is inherently unpredictable. Sue never knows where the caller is going to take her, so she needs an assistant who can provide stability. The job requires knowing what Sue wants before the dials—water, coffee, drink, laptop, a book to recommend, a phone number, or sometimes just reassurance that the handoff is a lot easier with sensitivity. Other tasks include script editing and checking batteries in her cogs.

Moments after our first meet, Sue, a grandmother of two, gave me, a naive, small-town 24-year-old, a quick, much-needed tutorial in the difference between various judgments related to enhancing male and female pleasure in ways that are sometimes less than obvious. Sue keeps these not-so-fun-fun-fun-fun-fun items on a table beside her during the program. She showed me how to sit the table so she could reach down while on-air and find what she needed without having to look. As Sue grabbed each sex aid with authority, flinging them around and expounding on their virtues, my horror gave way to giggles and then our laughter—and I understood why thousands of people rely on her for sexual demystification.

Each week 65,000 calls come into the studio about 75 are answered, and about 12 make it to air. Surprisingly, there are few peaks. Although most people ask the same questions



about erections, orgasms, extramarital affairs, masturbation, Sue answers each as if it's the first time she's heard it. But her crew is less patient—and more blunt with advice concerning Joe or Josephine Canadian's sexual foibles and fancies. When a woman complains about never having an orgasm, you can, for example, count on a shouted chorus of "Get a vibrator."

But over the years, some calls have broken through the staff's cool indifference. One was a young man named Connor who had discovered he was HIV positive. When he called to ask how to break the news to his girlfriend, it became apparent he wasn't coping well—and might be suicidal. The crew was in tears, but Sue gave Connor reasoning words, phone numbers for an AIDS counselling service, and told him to wait—the would talk to him more during the break. He hung up. The next day Sue called the emergency room in his area—but never found Connor.

Most crew members on the show have been there from the outset. While they all have day jobs, they still show up Sunday nights for five hours to offer a support system. In return, they get what's called The Cam: while many of the crew are happily married, so many often experienced a mysterious dry spell coinciding with the start of the TV season. There are two likely reasons potential partners are intimidated by the staff's blunt approach to the subject at hand, and crew members are turned off by too many small horror stories. Producer Julie Smith says that while Sue was answering questions about herpes and other sex-related ills, she began pondering giving up sex altogether. For those whose lives were less than hot and heavy, Sue brought comfort: food—soundbath biscuits are a specialty—and a bag of new judgments for pleasing oneself.

After three seasons, I left the show, two years later, I still miss everything about it. Well, everything except the ride home. Each week, Sue would offer to take me to the subway. But it was like getting a lift with the little old lady from Pasadena. She had a hard time making it out of the studio's narrow driveway and, on a few occasions, scribbled the passengers side on the wall—then drove on, unconcerned. That's Sue—forward-looking, not sideways. And while the roads may be the worst for it, our sex lives are no good hands.

*Shanda Deziel runs the *Charmy and People sections of Maclean's—and runs Sue's soundbath biscuits as well as Sue.**



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